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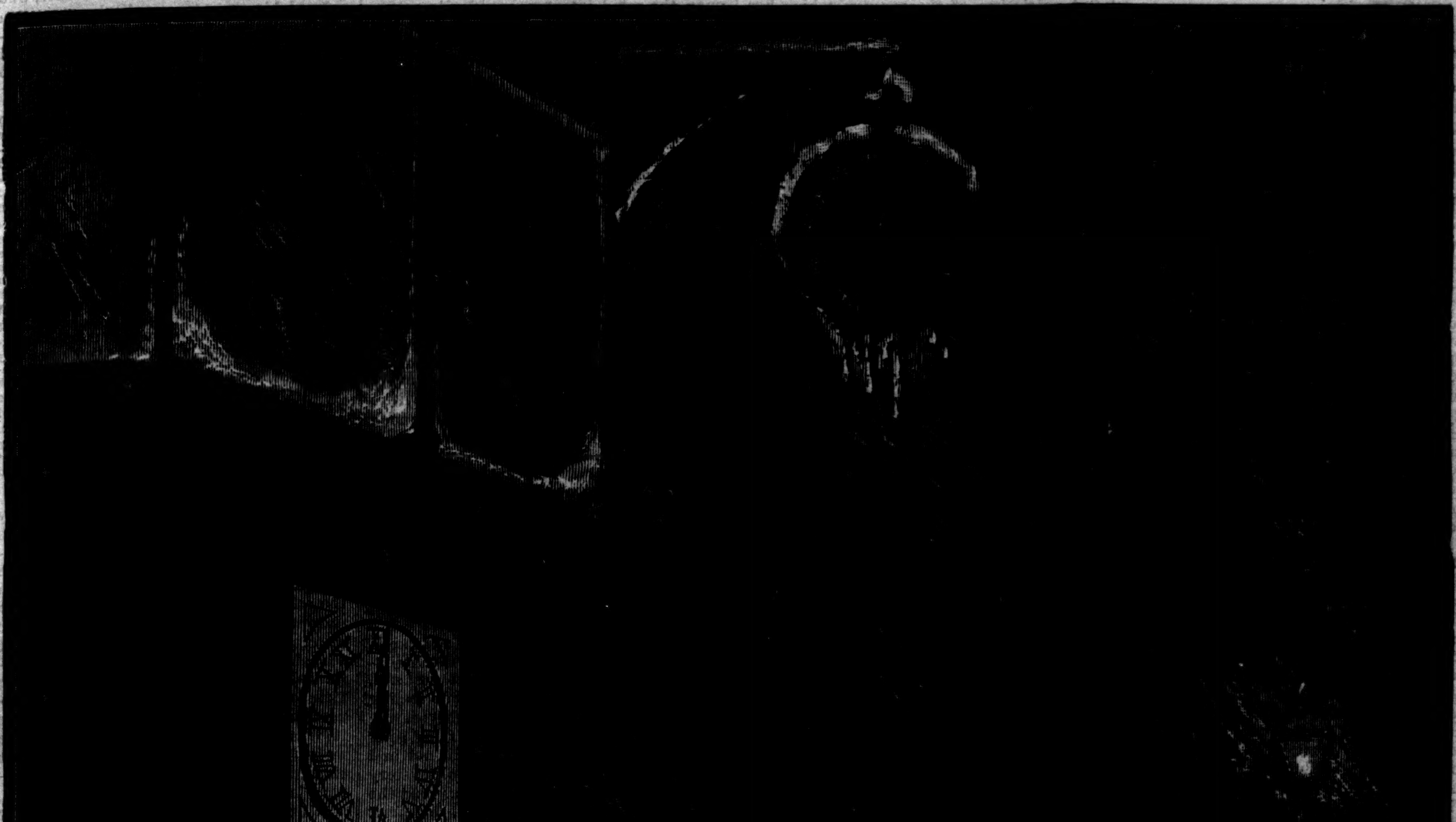

ALONE WITH THE DYING YEAR.—[FROM A DRAWING BY M. WOOLF.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

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"WANTED, A POLICY."

AT the beginning of the war Mr. RAYMOND provoked a great deal of caustic criticism by an article in the *Times* entitled "Wanted, a Policy." His reply to his critics was that the title of the article exactly described the situation, and was a conclusive argument. A policy was presently adopted, and the vigorous prosecution of the war saved the government and established the Republican party. That party now finds itself in a similar situation. The government, indeed, is not threatened, and happily there is no war. But the party is in danger, and it can be saved only by proving that it understands the position, and is bold enough to adopt a courageous policy. Courage is the first need of the hour, and it is the more indispensable because there are differences in the party itself, and the disposition to find some common ground would tend to a timid conclusion, which would be fatal. The President in his Message, supported by the Secretary of the Treasury in his report, has given the watch-word. It is simply return to specie payment. The country suffers from a universal prostration of business, and there can be no hope of a revival without a restoration of confidence. But that is impossible so long as the currency is fluctuating, and while there is a serious proposition and possible policy of cutting loose from the universal money of the world.

Any man who takes a greenback note out of his pocket and looks at it sees that it is a promise of the United States to pay him a dollar, or dollars, and he knows also that he can not any where exchange it for its equivalent in money. That is a fact which introduces uncertainty into every transaction, including the dealings of the laborer with the butcher and the grocer, as well as the larger operations of business. There is no secure footing. Nobody knows exactly where he is, and universal doubt paralyzes every kind of industry. The duty of the Republican party, which has the power of making those greenbacked promises valid, is to lose no time in doing it. The promises must be redeemed, that is to say, we must begin to return to specie payments, and the policy that is wanted is to provide the proper method. That method, whatever its details may be, must include, as the Secretary of the Treasury says, as a former Congress authorized, and as intelligent men know, contraction. To propose this requires courage upon the part of Congress. To accept it requires courage upon the part of the country. And to know the time when that courage may be wisely invoked requires statesmanship—the same kind of statesmanship which Sir ROBERT PEEL showed in 1819 when he proposed that the Bank of England should resume cash payments, and in 1846 when he repealed the corn laws.

The courage must be of a kind which can see with equanimity the defection of certain party leaders. This might possibly follow. The commanding question before the country is that of the finances. The Republican party has been defeated and discredited. It can recover public confidence only by a brave and sound financial policy. But it will not be easy for Mr. KELLEY and Mr. GARFIELD, Mr. MORTON and Mr. CONKLING, to unite in any decisive and thorough policy without an absolute surrender upon one side or the other. No hocus-pocus will answer. The measures adopted must either be positive steps toward resumption, or something else, which is inflation. If Mr. MORTON assented to the former, he would abandon his position, and so with Mr. CONKLING if he agreed to the latter. To do nothing is to lose an incalculable advantage, and to cripple the party for the campaign of 1876. And why? Because, without doubt, the great weight of intelligent opinion in every part of the country is favorable to a prompt and courageous settlement of the difficulty by returning to the specie basis, and the party which leads the way and takes the responsibility will command the support of that opinion. The Republican party is especially called to do the work, not only for its restoration to public favor, but by its character and intelligence and by its constant declarations.

We repeat, the sooner it is seen that certain Republicans can be retained only upon condition of their virtual surrender, the simpler and sounder and more successful the general policy will be. This has been the uniform experience of the party. Its great measures have been resisted by certain conspicuous Republicans, but they have either acquiesced or departed. And each great measure was an appeal to the intelligence and patriotism of the country, which has not been dishonored. Congress will find now, as it often found during the war, that it doubts the country without reason. Public opinion is more intelligent and more truly patriotic than Congress sometimes believes. The country is before rather than behind its representatives upon many most important questions. Should this Congress expire without taking the thorough action upon the subject which the President recommends, the Republican party will stand self-condemned by its own representatives both for cowardice and incapacity. Can any Congressional leader suppose that that would be a winning platform in 1876?

Or, again, if it is feared that the division of opinion is so absolute as to paralyze the Republican majority so that it can not adopt the measures which the best opinion of the country demands, why not let that fact appear? Can any thing possibly be gained by a pretense of party agreement which does not exist, and which proposes nothing? If the difference is so absolute that it can not harmonize this year in Congress, is it likely to agree next year in the campaign? In other words, if the party is already at an end by its total disagreement upon the most immediate and important issue of the hour, the sooner the fact is acknowledged the better. If it had been resolutely divided in the same way upon the question of equal suffrage in the Southern States, does any hopeful soul think it could have been patched together? The Republicans are responsible for legislation. Let their chiefs mature a simple bill providing for a steady return to specie payment, which the hard-money Democrats can not consistently oppose, and trust the result. They will be supported by nine-tenths and more of the strongest Republican press, by the vast majority of the party, and by that large body of Republicans which has shown in the late election both its discontent and its power. They will do much to restore the faith and enthusiasm of the whole Republican line, and they will snatch from the Democrats the magic wand by which they hope to conjure victory in 1876.

THE "PRESENT" SEASON.

THERE is no happier sight than the sight of happy people, and this is the season when they are to be seen. Science, which seems to many good souls so terrible an enemy of the most cherished traditions, has not been able to touch the gracious associations of this hallowed time. It can no more banish Santa Claus than Cinderella, and old Christmas yearly comes to his own again surrounded by an endless throng of most loyal subjects. It is a Christmas feast to walk the streets at this season and look at the teeming windows and enter the overflowing shops. In no other way can the wonderful fertility and ingenuity of the genius of "notions" be known. Old friends greet us with a wholly new and fascinating face. Little conveniences and prettinesses, every possible form and manner of which we had thought long ago exhausted, turn up gayly upon shelf or counter with a welcoming "Here we are again!" so that the new year is linked with the old, this very last of Christmases with all that have gone before, and grandpa and grandma with the lisping lovely younglings who seem to them only themselves of half a century ago.

The present season is the children's season, but it is not theirs exclusively. Older faces are never so fair as in the happy light reflected from younger eyes. The blessing of giving is understood at the end of the year, if never before. It is wisely said that whatever is given should be a part of the giver. It should mystically convey something of his very self. And it is an easy wisdom in practice, for when the young papa brings home the rattle and the drum to his first-born, *anno ætatis* one, he puts all his heart into the toy, as much as when a lover he gave a rose-bud to his Una as the type of his blushing hope and fragrant expectation. There are many parental purveyors for Santa Claus who are sadly perplexed when the present season arrives, and who are at their wits' ends to decide what is suitable for a girl of ten and a boy of thirteen. And still later there comes a time when the shadowy line between childhood and youth is drawn with perfect distinctness in the younger mind, but is not recognized by the older. What offense so grave as to treat as a child the girl who feels herself to be a young woman, or to insult the man of sixteen with an offering that might please the boy of fifteen? And yet there are bridges—compromises, so to speak—upon which there may be a safe venture. The ripest young lady and the most mature young gentleman will not disdain a neat and pretty box of—sugar-candy! E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!

But in the perplexity that sometimes falls upon the mind intent upon selecting presents there is one maxim of master-wisdom to be remembered. As we are told in the national financial straits that the way to resume is to resume, it must not be forgotten that the way to select a present is to select it. The loiterer at home who wonders and speculates is lost. Let him join the innumerable throng and look at the pretty things in the shops, and he will see just what is wanted, and he will laugh himself to scorn for thinking that he could have guessed without seeing. Nothing so easy as buying. The difficulty comes afterward. But this suggests another gem of wisdom found in the cave of experience. The value of a gift is not in its cost: it is in its fitness, its prettiness, its quaintness, its novelty, its association and suggestion. In these very holidays what enormous pleasure is given on all sides by the simplest gifts! In how many pockets that we pass upon the street little packages are lying which have not much lightened the purse, but will lighten many and many a tender heart! What a kind and generous saint it is, this immortal Santa Claus! Down the wintry chimney he comes, not only to leave a myriad delights in as many stockings, but an immeasurable benediction for the whole household!

THE SAFE BURGLARY.

NO one can read the temperate and excellent argument of Mr. C. H. HILL, the Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, in the safe burglary case, without feeling that the subject should be thoroughly searched and the truth ascertained. If any body wished to conceal any thing, he did not, and that there is more than the usual mystery attending the case no one who has read the evidence can doubt. We regret, therefore, that the resolution of Mr. BECK, providing for an investigation, did not pass. That there is so much suspicion overhanging the whole subject is the very reason that it should not be increased by partisan action. The question has become political. It is alleged that there was a conspiracy, and that prominent Republican officers were accomplices. The jury disagreed, and there is no prospect of another trial. There is naturally great dissatisfaction, and the Republicans are, under the circumstances, naturally held responsible. It is their first duty now to avoid even the appearance of evil, and we should have been glad had the resolution been unanimously adopted. It is true that Mr. BECK asked for a suspension of the rules, and if the Republicans are to yield every time a Democrat may choose to move a suspension in order to obtain an investigation for a purely party purpose, the public business would be unpardonably delayed.

But this case is wholly exceptional, and need not be made a precedent. Public attention has been pointedly attracted to the District affairs. The exposures of the last session, the vast swindling of the Ring, the peremptory abolition of the Territorial government, the ousting of SHEPHERD by Congress and his renomination by the President, not only fixed upon the District the gaze of the country, but materially aided in the Republican rout at the elections. It was one of the clubs that felled us. Honest Republicans, therefore, should insist upon a radical inquiry. The party has more to fear from the appearance of evasion than from the plainest truth; and as the Democrats will order what investigations they choose in the next Congress, it is foolish to oppose in this Congress any really important movement of the kind, as this undoubtedly is. The matter can not end here, with a resolution of inquiry defeated by Republican votes, and another trial of the case doubtful. The resolution will, of course, be renewed, and we trust that no merely technical reason will prevent a general and cordial Republican support.

DEMOCRATIC "HOME RULE."

AT the time of the negro massacre of 1865 in New Orleans it was announced in the Northern Democratic papers as a riot and slaughter *by* negroes, and the utmost efforts were made to inflame Northern sentiment against them. The fact was that it was a wanton and murderous assault upon them. There has just been a similar slaughter in Vicksburg, which was carefully telegraphed as an attack upon that city by the negroes, although the report admitted that the result was the massacre of sixty or a hundred negroes and no white man. The simple fact is that a white mob attempted to compel the resignation of certain colored officers, among whom was the sheriff, CROSBY. All the officers fled except CROSBY, and he signed a resignation. "No one," says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which is an independent and not a Republican journal, "concealed what his fate would be if he had not done so. He would have been hanged on the spot." CROSBY escaped and saw the Governor, who ordered him to return and take possession of his office, and summon the people to sustain him. He did so, and the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which sent a correspondent to the scene to investigate, tells the sequel:

> "He sent news to the country for the negroes to come in Monday and report to the Court-house. They came, were met at the city limits, and slaughtered—simply slaughtered and butchered. They were chased through the woods and fields and shot down like dogs. Many were shot after they gave up, and some were shot on their knees while begging for mercy. The spirit of demons was in the people. It was not safe for any one not in full accord with them to be on the street. One poor old negro by the name of AMBROSE BROWN was ordered off the street by Captain COWAN, a former rebel battery commander, and being tardy in going, COWAN deliberately shot him. Many prisoners were taken and kept in the Court-house, and taken out in the morning. With winks and nods, and laughter and jest, it was reported that three of the most obnoxious made their escape, which means they have simply been murdered while prisoners. This is unquestionably the truth of the massacre, and the people of the nation should fully recognize all its enormities. The worst of it is that the persons who have been guilty of this wholesale murder fully justify themselves upon the statement of facts that we have given, and, we are bound to add, they are animated by the conviction that there has been a political revolution in the North, and that their time has come."

The last words of this extract are very significant. Nine years ago, when it was thought that ANDREW JOHNSON would favor the Democratic party, the negroes were slaughtered at New Orleans; and now when the result of the autumn elections seems to show a general reaction and Democratic restoration, the negroes are slaughtered at Vicksburg. We presume that no well-informed person supposes that this Vicksburg massacre would have occurred had the Democratic party been as generally defeated as it was successful in the elections. The moral needs no enforcement. The facts show us what is to be expected under Democratic "home rule."

All that is wanted in the national policy toward the Southern States is that practical common-sense which is the characteristic of the American and English political genius. It is not an inflexible indifference nor a scorn of facts. It is a policy of administration that is wanted; but the administration of friends, not of foes. There is something comical in the air with which the Democrats propose what they call "home rule," a phrase borrowed from the Irish friends of a separate Parliament, the impracticability of which Mr. FREEMAN has conclusively exposed. The Democrats mean by "home rule" State sovereignty, and they say with truth there would have been no Southern question had they been in power. There would have been no Southern question, just as order reigned in Warsaw. "Home rule," we are now informed, requires that the States should have reconstructed themselves. And what that was the country saw. It was the practical restoration of all of slavery but the name. It was vagrant laws, apprentice laws, black codes, non-ownership of the land by the negroes, their exclusion from all civil rights, and in general the same legislation which made General TERRY say in Virginia that the condition of the freedmen was worse than that of the slaves. Should the Democrats return to power in the national government, their policy would be what it would have been had they controlled the government at the end of the war. They already announce that "home rule" is the remedy for all Southern ills, meaning by "home rule" the supremacy of the spirit whose manifestations made the amendments necessary. They will repeal the laws enforcing them, and leave the amendments to shift for themselves.

No reasonable man could complain of this if it promised to give the negro fair play or an equal chance with other citizens. "Let him be treated like the rest of us, and do cocker him and hold him up. If he c stand, let him fall." Certainly; so sa all. Let him be treated like the rest o But don't knock him down, and then

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that he can't stand. The difficulty is that he is not treated like the rest of us, and the ill treatment comes from those who stigmatize him and brand him with odium in every way. In such a situation "home rule" is a sound policy only when the national power is in the hands of his friends, not of his enemies. "Look," says one of the colored leaders of his people in Georgia—"look how we are summarily tried and convicted for trivial charges before jurors who assert that 'they will be d——d if they will acquit a negro, guilty or not, for if a negro is not guilty, he ought to be.' You might as well try a frog for his life before a hungry snake."

The colored citizens are an eighth of the population. They can not be colonized nor expatriated. They are native Americans, and they are equal citizens under the supreme law; nor will that law be changed. They are in large part ignorant, like the poor whites of the South and a great proportion of the foreign-born population of the North. But no "home rule," no removal of the Federal sword from "our brothers of the South," no repeal of enforcement laws, no exhortations that they cease to regard themselves as wards of the nation, will remedy the difficulty. The colored problem will remain a difficulty and the colored race a disturbance until their immediate white neighbors do them the same justice that they do each other, and cease to persist in disgracing them with a stigma of inferiority. The American negro will not go out of politics, and ought not to go out of politics, until he has justice. As long as his equal civil rights are not maintained and protected with those of white men, he has not justice; and while they are denied, his equal political rights will not be really respected. The Republican party has made mistakes in dealing with the subject, and rascals, under the cloak of humanity and justice, have advanced themselves. But there is no folly so absolute as the supposition that Democratic hatred, contempt, impatience, and despair will secure that justice which can alone solve the problem.

GIVING AND SAVING.

As this is the season of year when charity is most active, the question of the methods of poor relief should be carefully pondered. We have heretofore mentioned the system adopted in Elberfeld, a German town near Cologne, of 70,000 inhabitants, as most simple and practicable in communities where there is a general interest in the subject, and a willingness to do something efficiently. That, of course, implies a sacrifice of time and much personal labor. But there can be no good and effective system which does not. Every intelligent person expects to devote some time and money to charity. Most ladies who are housekeepers have a certain number of retainers whom they partially support, and there is a constant begging at their doors, which they irregularly relieve, and with much groaning and impatience. Yet, by the Elberfeld system, in small towns and in country neighborhoods the whole matter can be made so simple that two great ends may be attained—the charity fund may be very much economized, and pauperization may be checked. The worst result of indiscriminate charity, the giving at the door and in the street without any knowledge of the applicant, is the increase of the pauper class—of a class born and bred not to support themselves by honest labor, but to be supported by alms. This is one of the curses of society, and every person who gives because his sympathies are touched by what is generally a deception is guilty of a very serious offense. We do not mean, of course, that he should satisfy himself with a refusal, for both refusing and ignorant giving are evasions and the devices of selfishness and laziness. His duty is to be familiar with the provision made for relief in his neighborhood, and to take the trouble to see that the applicant be relieved if worthy.

Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, the president of the State Charities Aid Association, in a very interesting report made at a late general meeting, which was attended by delegates from many parts of the State, gave an account of the results of her personal observation during a recent visit to Europe. Miss Schuyler, to whose energy and intelligence the formation of the society is largely due—a society which is already of very great practical service—is in favor of out-door rather than of in-door aid, that is, of assistance in families rather than in institutions, and her opinion is of very great weight. The problem, as she says, is to unite volunteer with official aid, and this she saw in its best example at Elberfeld, during the last summer. The city is divided into eighteen districts, and each district into fourteen sections. To each section a visitor is appointed, and there are thus so many visitors that no one need visit more than four families. This minute subdivision, which renders possible an intimate acquaintance with the circumstances of each person assisted, is the key to the system. And each visitor is only allowed to dispense aid in accordance with certain rules, and not according to individual caprice. The success of the system depends very much on the faithfulness and self-control of the visitors, who in Elberfeld are all men; but a volunteer corps composed of both men and women would be much more effective.

In Shropshire, in England, she saw a good example of the other system. But Miss Schuyler prefers the Elberfeld plan, because it brings the rich and poor together, and educates the latter into self-respect. Her report is full of interest, but we confine ourselves to this single point. We repeat that the Elberfeld system is entirely practicable in a community where there are a few persons sufficiently interested to make others co-operate. The plan has been tried here, and is now in operation in some neighborhoods, as upon part of the north shore of Staten Island, where the hearty co-operation of the superintendent of the poor has made it very effective. A little resolution, a little public spirit, a little sacrifice, would save a great deal of money in any community which would try the experiment, and it would so organize charitable wishes and gifts as to relieve the deserving and prevent the professional beggars from increasing, while its moral effects through the personal attention and sympathy between the richer and poorer classes would be full of benefit.

MR. FORSTER.

The reception of Mr. William E. Forster by the Union League Club was a proper recognition of the sympathy and support which he has always given to the cause which the club was formed to sustain, and his speech in reply to the felicitous address of Mr. Choate, the President, was another proof of the sincere friendliness which exists between sensible Englishmen and Americans. He said several things worth pondering. Among them was his remark that if he should believe every thing that had been said to him about the condition or the prospects of this country, he should be very hopeless of its condition. Another was that his personal observation of the situation in the Southern States had left him by no means despondent, although he saw the difficulties. His judgment was that all that is wanted is "to leave things very much to themselves," and the old and the new citizens will accommodate themselves to the changed situation and to each other. He had observed also, he said, that among the true men of the different parts of the country there was no ill feeling surviving the war. And he went on to say that as the policy of this country was peace between the sections and the races, so he hoped our policy would be peace among all English-speaking communities; but that the condition of promoting liberty abroad and of preserving our own, whether in America or in England, is individual self-control.

It was a plain, frank speech, full of good feeling—a thoroughly English speech in its colloquial familiarity and freedom from rhetoric. Indeed, Mr. Forster began by lamenting his want of eloquence, and humorously said that he had never lost an opportunity of hearing American oratory. We can not but think that the word of a liberal English statesman, eminent both as an intelligent friend of this country and of its controlling spirit of freedom, and also, as Mr. Choate reminded the club, of that cause of education which is our corner-stone, deserves respectful attention. The political pessimism which is somewhat common among many thinking men in this country he discards. He comes from the country, and knows it well, to which the pessimists are accustomed to look as the land of a better civilization and of a wiser spirit than ours, and he says that our institutions are essentially the same, and that in this country we have reason for the highest hope, and are really "working our problems out." This is not the condescending favor of a foreigner; it is the sincere conviction of a friend.

Again, the result of his observation is that the Southern question should be left so far as possible to settle itself. And, with a due regard to the authority of Congress to enforce the amendments, and a proper contempt of "home rule" as a synonym of State "sovereignty" and a "white man's government," is not Mr. Forster's conclusion that of most intelligent Americans? But unquestionably—although, of course, as a question of party politics, Mr. Forster had nothing to say upon the point—unquestionably this policy would be more wisely enforced by the Republican party, for the reason that with a Democratic national Administration every law in a Democratic Southern State, however unequal and cruel, would be allowed to have its perfect work against the negro. How often would he appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States? Mr. Forster undoubtedly speaks for the most intelligent Republicans in saying that matters in the Southern States should be left very much to themselves. But it makes all the difference possible whether the national power which leaves them to themselves is friendly or hostile to the weaker party.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Bancroft, having become a resident of Washington, has been elected by Congress a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, in place of General Sherman. Although seventy-four years of age, Mr. Bancroft retains all his alertness and vigor. He rises at six, lights his fire, and works until breakfast, at eight; he then resumes his labors until one, when he stops for the day; then takes his ride on horseback and a walk of three or four miles. The evenings he gives up to social enjoyment, and in that direction he is not only strong, but particularly delightful. He entered public life in 1838 as Collector of the Port of Boston, and is perhaps the only man in America who during all the subsequent years has been almost constantly employed in the public service, and at the same time in the higher walks of literature.

—In the January number of *Harper's Magazine* there is a humorous story entitled "The Man who was like Shakspeare," by William Black, author of *A Princess of Thule.* The numerous readers of this popular monthly will be glad to hear that in the February number will be commenced a beautiful serial story by Miss Thackeray. The story is based upon the romantic experience of Angelica Kauffman, the artist. It is entitled "Miss Angel," the name by which this charming artist was known in Sir Joshua Reynolds's diary.

—The King of the Sandwich Islands, immediately on landing in "the home of the free and the land of the brave," commenced to experience the frank and friendly style of conversation of the people. One citizen of San Francisco grasped and agitated his hand, calling him "Mr. King," while another, still gladder to see his Majesty, was so far enthused as to slap him heartily on the back and inquire, "Kal, old boy, how are you now?"

—A few days since at the dinner-table at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, were seated at adjacent tables ex-Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, and Senator-elect Pinchbeck (colored), of Louisiana. On the 4th of March next there will be in the United States Senate a colored man, Mr. Bruce, of Mississippi, who nine years ago was a slave.

—Dean Stanley is now one of the recognized powers in English society. Under his roof, where Atterbury once plotted, now meet for friendly intercourse a company which would have seemed strange indeed to the partisan of the exiled Stuarts—a Roman Catholic archbishop talking familiarly to a Greek patriarch, and a leading Non-conformist divine received with open arms by an Anglican prelate. Dr. Pusey and Professor Jowett, Archdeacon Denison and Mr. Dale, are equally welcome. Indeed, it is a favorite opinion of the dean's that all good men agree with each other to a much larger extent than they fancy, and he will readily undertake to demonstrate the points on which (let us say) ritualists and Quakers are in harmony. Another sentence which is forever on his lips is that where the divergence of doctrines is irreconcilable, the persons who hold them may at least "agree to differ," and, setting polemics aside, join in works of charity and public utility without surrendering a jot of their convictions.

—Mr. R. H. Stoddard has added to his literary reputation by the deft way in which he has squeezed the juice of so many clever brains into the bright cheery volumes that form the Bric-à-Brac series. His next compressive effort will be on the *Greville Memoirs*, the raciest book of its kind published these many years.

—The noted Dr. Kenealy is no longer a member of the English Bar. His conduct in the Tichborne case, and the disgraceful articles on the Bench and Bar that have appeared since the trial in a paper edited by himself, have led to his being disbarred.

—Dr. H. J. Glenn, of Jacinto, Colusa County, California, is probably one of the most extensive farmers in America, if not in the world. He has harvested this year from his own land 600,000 bushels of wheat—enough to load eighteen 1000-ton ships—and all of this he has in his own warehouses ready for shipment when the water of the Sacramento River rises sufficiently. In the plowing season he runs ninety gang-plows, and in harvest any number of headers. He threshes his wheat by steam-power, using some half a dozen steam-threshers. He has about 200 miles of good board fence on his farm. But his farming operations are not confined to wheat-growing alone. He markets about $100,000 worth of stock each year. Dr. Glenn is a practical farmer, and manages all his business himself. He can mend a trace just as well as he can get the highest price for his grain.

—Speaking of John Brown's execution, the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*, writing on the fifteenth anniversary of that event, says: "His comrades have nearly all passed away too, except the surviving members of his own family, none of whom have died since 1859. A daughter of one of his colored followers—Lewis Leary, who was slain at Harper's Ferry—is now a school-girl completing her education, and an appeal is made to the friends of Brown to raise a small sum for that purpose. The object is a worthy one, and the anniversary is suggestive of the propriety of doing something of the kind. Any contributions for this object sent to F. B. Sanborn, at Concord, Massachusetts, will be devoted to the object above named. It is time also to be talking about a monument to Brown himself, at Harper's Ferry or elsewhere.

—The magnitude of the late Mr. Williston's gift to Amherst College seems to be diminishing. President Stearns announces the legacy as being prospectively much smaller than might be desired.

—Farjeon's new Christmas story, *The King of No-Land*, published by the Harpers, is one of his most popular productions. An edition of 23,000 copies was sold the first week of its appearance in London, and the American edition is having a very large sale.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The principal business transacted by Congress during the week ending December 21 was as follows: The Speaker of the House on the 15th appointed Messrs. Hoar, Frye, Wheeler, Foster, Phelps, Robinson, and Potter a special committee to consider that portion of the President's Message regarding the condition of affairs in the Southern States.—Among the nominations sent by the President to the Senate was that of Don A. Pardee to succeed Durell as United States District Judge for Louisiana. Postmaster-General Jewell's nomination was confirmed December 15.—The Judiciary Committee of the House reported, December 16, the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill. It is substantially the Senate bill of the last session, but with the mixed school section stricken out, and a provision inserted requiring equal school facilities for the children of both races. It further changes the penalty to a choice between civil and criminal. The bill was ordered to be printed and recommitted. In the Senate, on the 14th, Mr. Morton presented a petition from the colored men of Indiana protesting against the recent decision of the Supreme Court of that State excluding colored children from the common schools. This, they claim, deprives them of the rights of citizenship, and their children of the benefits of an education; they therefore ask that the Attorney-General be directed to appeal the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The bill to amend the Customs and Internal Revenue laws, known as the Little Tariff Bill, which comes over from last session, was taken up in the Senate on the 14th, and the new conference asked for by the last House was granted. On the same day, in the House, Mr. Harris (Democrat), of Georgia, offered a bill allowing payment of one-half of all import duties in legal tender notes or national bank bills. Referred. On the 17th Mr. Dawes introduced a bill into the House restoring the duties on tea and coffee to the old rates existing before the repeal in March, 1872.—Mr. Farwell introduced a financial bill into the House on the 14th designed to hasten the resumption of specie payments. It removes all limitations upon the number and circulation of national banks, and provides that bank-notes shall be issued to the extent of ninety per cent. of the full value of bonds deposited; that from the 1st of July next a million a month of greenbacks shall be withdrawn and canceled, to continue until the greenback is at par with gold, and that the Secretary may, if necessary, sell bonds to get funds for retiring the greenbacks. Mr. Farwell, in case his bill should pass, means to introduce two other measures, one of which is to relieve the banks of all national taxation. They pay now about $7,000,000 a year in taxes on circulation and deposits. Another of them is to exempt from the action of State usury laws all bank paper having less than four months to run.—The District of Columbia Government Bill was called up in the Senate on the 14th, and read in parts on two or three days.—A bill was passed by the Senate on the 14th, and also by the House on the 18th, for the relief of settlers on the public lands who were obliged by the ravages of the grasshoppers to leave their homes in 1874, and those who may be obliged to vacate in 1875 for the same reason.—The Press Gag Law was referred to the House Judiciary Committee on the 14th, and to the Senate committee the next day. The latter is to inquire the extent of the meaning of the act.—Mr. Holman, of Indiana, on the 14th endeavored to get the House to pass a resolution making a general declaration against the granting of subsidies at this session, but the House adjourned before the vote could be taken.—An amendment to the Geneva Award Bill was proposed by Senator Conkling on the 14th. It provides that insurance claimaints excluded by the present law shall have the same time to present and prove their claims as they would have had but for the clause excluding them.—The Commissioners of War Claims sent their fourth annual report to the House on the 15th. It embraces 2407 cases, of which 1244 are wholly disallowed and 1163 allowed in whole or part. The amount claimed in the 2407 cases is $5,242,706 46, and the amount allowed is $770,711 37.—The Freedman's Bank Commissioners reported to the House on the 14th that the liabilities of the institution reach $2,879,031, and the assets $2,693,095, or ninety-five per cent.—The Commission is authorized to declare a dividend as soon as funds have been collected sufficient to pay twenty per cent. Thus far only about four per cent. has been collected.—Mr. W. L. M'Millen sent a communication to the Senate, December 16, claiming to be a Senator from Louisiana. Referred to Committee on Elections. The House on the 15th appointed Messrs. Conger, Hurlbut, Williams, Speer, and O'Brien a select committee to investigate the Vicksburg trouble.—On the 15th Senator Wright submitted a joint resolution proposing certain amendments to the Constitution of the United States. It proposes that the President and Vice-President of the United States shall be elected by a direct vote of the people, and each hold office for a term of six years; that the President shall be ineligible to re-election. Every male citizen who has reached the age of twenty-one years and who has not been convicted of infamous crimes shall have the right to vote. It further provides that the election for President and Vice-President shall be held at the same time, and requires a majority of all votes cast to elect; but if no one receives a majority another election shall be ordered, at which only the two receiving the largest number of votes at the previous voting shall be voted for; and, further, that the election returns shall be canvassed by the Supreme Court of the United States, and certificates issued by that tribunal. Referred to the Committee on Civil Service Reform.—The House Steamboat Bill for the protection of life on steam-vessels came up in the Senate on the 16th, and was temporarily laid over.—Petitions from the National Temperance Society and other temperance organizations and churches, representing 300,000 petitioners, were presented in the House on the 17th, asking for the passage of the Senate bill providing for a commission of inquiry concerning the liquor traffic.—The House on the 18th finished the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill.—The House Railroad Committee reported a bill on the 18th chartering a double-track railroad from the Atlantic to the Missouri River, with rates of freight limited. Printed and recommitted.—The death of Representative Rice, of Illinois, was announced in the House on the 18th.

King Kalakaua was formally presented to President Grant December 15, and the official visit was returned the next day. He was welcomed by Congress on the 18th.

Commander William B. Cushing, United States navy, died on the 17th inst., in his thirty-second year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prussian Parliament adopted a resolution, December 16, declaring that in order to uphold its dignity an amendment to the constitution is necessary, to prevent the arrest of a deputy during a session. It was rumored that Prince Bismarck regarded this action as equivalent to a vote of want of confidence, and would resign his office. On the 18th a motion was made to strike out the secret service grant from the Appropriation Bill. It was defeated by 71 yeas to 199 nays.

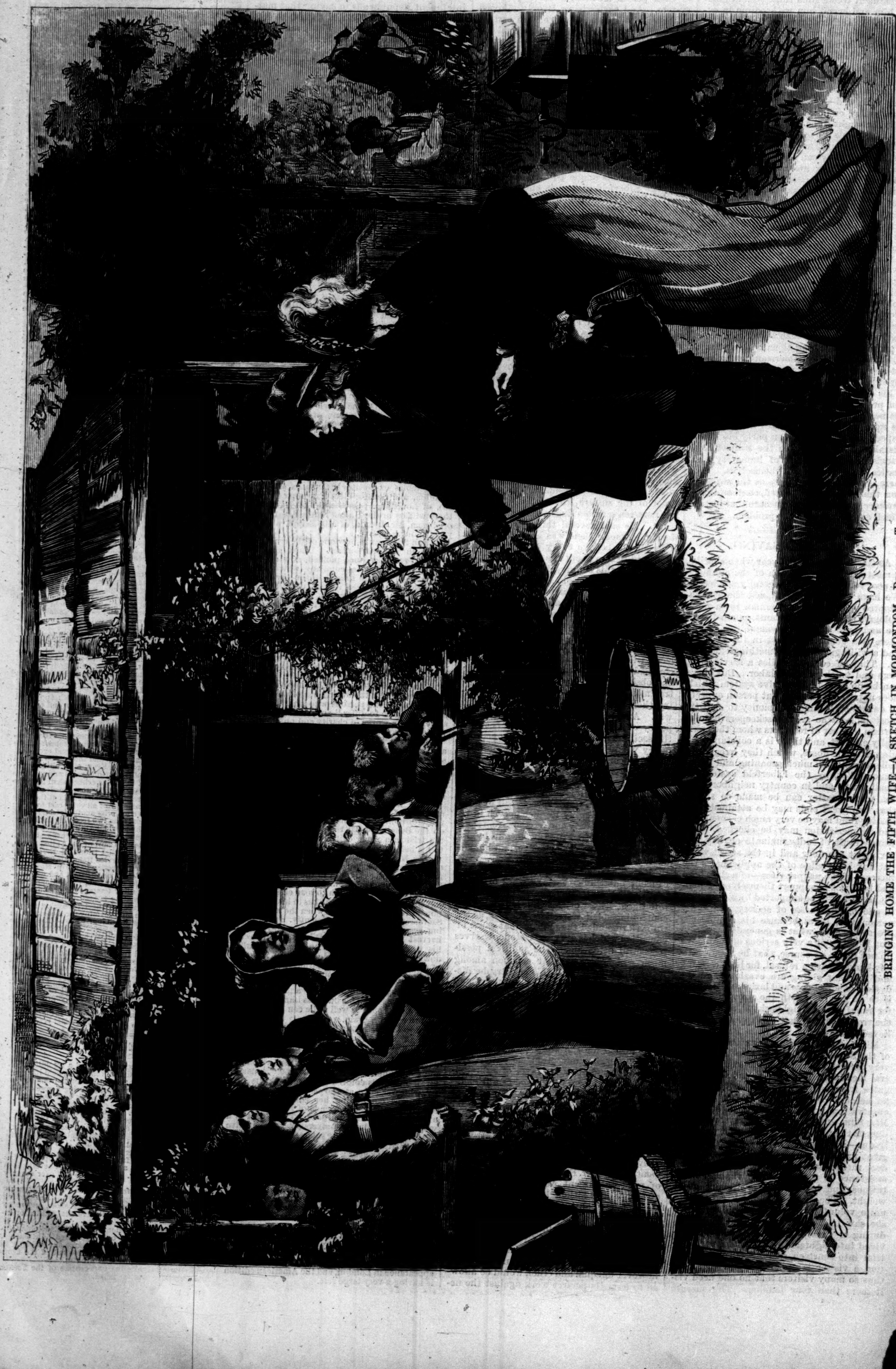
Count von Arnim has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, from which is to be deducted the period already spent in jail.

A special dispatch from Santander, in Spain, dated December 17, reports a terrific storm for several days in the Bay of Biscay. Many boats and over seventy persons are missing.

There was a heavy fall of snow in France December 16. In the city of Angers the roof of the Market Hall gave way under the weight of the snow, and many persons who were beneath it were either killed or injured.

The German Commissioner to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition has been appointed. Dr. Jacobi, Director of the Section of Commerce and Industry in the Ministry of Commerce, is president of the Commission, with head-quarters in Berlin.

All efforts to unite the two centres of the French Assembly have thus far failed.



BRINGING HOME THE FIFTH WIFE—A SKETCH IN MORMONDOM.—Drawn by Tavernier and Frenzeny.—[See Page 10.]

[This Story was commenced in Harper's Weekly dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "The Moonstone," etc.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

MISERRIMUS DEXTER—FIRST VIEW.

We groped our way up the stairs to the first landing. The next flight of steps, turning in the reverse direction, was faintly illuminated, like the hall below, by one oil lamp, placed in some invisible position above us. Ascending the second flight of stairs and crossing a short corridor, we discovered the lamp, through the open door of a quaintly shaped circular room, burning on the mantel-piece. Its light illuminated a strip of thick tapestry, hanging loose from the ceiling to the floor, on the wall opposite to the door by which we had entered.

Mrs. Macallan drew aside the strip of tapestry, and, signing me to follow her, passed behind it.

"Listen!" she whispered.

Standing on the inner side of the tapestry, I found myself in a dark recess or passage, at the end of which a ray of light from the lamp showed me a closed door. I listened, and heard on the other side of the door a shouting voice, accompanied by an extraordinary rumbling and whistling sound, traveling backward and forward, as well as I could judge, over a great space. Now the rumbling and the whistling would reach their climax of loudness, and would overcome the resonant notes of the shouting voice. Then again those louder sounds gradually retreated into distance, and the shouting voice made itself heard as the more audible sound of the two. The door must have been of prodigious solidity. Listen as intently as I might, I failed to catch the articulate words (if any) which the voice was pronouncing, and I was equally at a loss to penetrate the cause which produced the rumbling and whistling sounds.

"What can possibly be going on," I whispered to Mrs. Macallan, "on the other side of that door?"

"Step softly," my mother-in-law answered, "and come and see."

She arranged the tapestry behind us so as completely to shut out the light in the circular room. Then noiselessly turning the handle, she opened the heavy door.

We kept ourselves concealed in the shadow of the recess, and looked through the open doorway.

I saw (or fancied I saw, in the obscurity) a long room with a low ceiling. The dying gleam of an ill-kept fire formed the only light by which I could judge of objects and distances. Redly illuminating the central portion of the room, opposite to which we were standing, the fire-light left the extremities shadowed in almost total darkness. I had barely time to notice this before I heard the rumbling and whistling sounds approaching me. A high chair on wheels moved by, through the field of red light, carrying a shadowy figure with floating hair, and arms furiously raised and lowered working the machinery that propelled the chair at its utmost rate of speed. "I am Napoleon, at the sunrise of Austerlitz!" shouted the man in the chair as he swept past me on his rumbling and whistling wheels, in the red glow of the fire-light. "I give the word, and thrones rock, and kings fall, and nations tremble, and men by tens of thousands fight and bleed and die!" The chair rushed out of sight, and the shouting man in it became another hero. "I am Nelson!" the ringing voice cried now. "I am leading the fleet at Trafalgar. I issue my commands, prophetically conscious of victory and death. I see my own apotheosis, my public funeral, my nation's tears, my burial in the glorious church. The ages remember me, and the poets sing my praise in immortal verse!" The strident wheels turned at the far end of the room and came back. The fantastic and frightful apparition, man and machinery blended in one—the new Centaur, half man, half chair—flew by me again in the dying light. "I am Shakspeare!" cried the frantic creature now. "I am writing *Lear*, the tragedy of tragedies. Ancients and moderns, I am the poet who towers over them all. Light! light! the lines flow out like lava from the eruption of my volcanic mind. Light! light! for the poet of all time to write the words that live forever!" He ground and tore his way back toward the middle of the room. As he approached the fire-place a last morsel of unburned coal (or wood) burst into momentary flame, and showed the open doorway. In that moment he saw us! The wheel-chair stopped with a shock that shook the crazy old floor of the room, altered its course, and flew at us with the rush of a wild animal. We drew back, just in time to escape it, against the wall of the recess. The chair passed on, and burst aside the hanging tapestry. The light of the lamp in the circular room poured in through the gap. The creature in the chair checked his furious wheels and looked back over his shoulder with an impish curiosity horrible to see.

"Have I run over them? Have I ground them to powder for presuming to intrude on me?" he said to himself. As the expression of this amiable doubt passed his lips his eyes lighted on us. His mind instantly veered back again to Shakspeare and King Lear. "Goneril and Regan!" he cried. "My two unnatural daughters, my she-devil children come to mock at me!"

"Nothing of the sort," said my mother-in-law, as quietly as if she was addressing a perfectly reasonable being. "I am your old friend, Mrs. Macallan; and I have brought Eustace Macallan's second wife to see you."

The instant she pronounced those last words, "Eustace Macallan's second wife," the man in the chair sprang out of it with a shrill cry of horror, as if she had shot him. For one moment we saw a head and body in the air, absolutely deprived of the lower limbs. The moment after, the terrible creature touched the floor as lightly as a monkey, on his hands. The grotesque horror of the scene culminated in his hopping away, on his hands, at a prodigious speed, until he reached the fire-place in the long room. There he crouched over the dying embers, shuddering and shivering, and muttering, "Oh, pity me, pity me!" dozens and dozens of times over to himself.

This was the man whose advice I had come to ask—whose assistance I had confidently counted on in my hour of need.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISERRIMUS DEXTER—SECOND VIEW.

Thoroughly disheartened and disgusted, and (if I must honestly confess it) thoroughly frightened too, I whispered to Mrs. Macallan, "I was wrong, and you were right. Let us go."

The ears of Miserrimus Dexter must have been as sensitive as the ears of a dog. He heard me say, "Let us go."

"No!" he called out. "Bring Eustace Macallan's second wife in here. I am a gentleman—I must apologize to her. I am a student of human character—I wish to see her."

The whole man appeared to have undergone a complete transformation. He spoke in the gentlest of voices, and he sighed hysterically when he had done, like a woman recovering from a burst of tears. Was it reviving courage or reviving curiosity? When Mrs. Macallan said to me, "The fit is over now; do you still wish to go away?" I answered, "No; I am ready to go in."

"Have you recovered your belief in him already?" asked my mother-in-law, in her mercilessly satirical way.

"I have recovered from my terror of him," I replied.

"I am sorry I terrified you," said the soft voice at the fire-place. "Some people think I am a little mad at times. You came, I suppose, at one of the times—if some people are right. I admit that I am a visionary. My imagination runs away with me, and I say and do strange things. On those occasions, any body who reminds me of that horrible Trial throws me back again into the past, and causes me unutterable nervous suffering. I am a very tender-hearted man. As the necessary consequence (in such a world as this), I am a miserable wretch. Accept my excuses. Come in, both of you. Come in and pity me."

A child would not have been frightened of him now. A child would have gone in and pitied him.

The room was getting darker and darker. We could just see the crouching figure of Miserrimus Dexter at the expiring fire—and that was all.

"Are we to have no light?" asked Mrs. Macallan. "And is this lady to see you, when the light comes, out of your chair?"

He lifted something bright and metallic, hanging round his neck, and blew on it a series of shrill, trilling, bird-like notes. After an interval he was answered by a similar series of notes, sounding faintly in some distant region of the house.

"Ariel is coming," he said. "Compose yourself, Mamma Macallan; Ariel will make me presentable to a lady's eyes."

He hopped away on his hands into the darkness at the end of the room. "Wait a little," said Mrs. Macallan, "and you will have another surprise—you will see the 'delicate Ariel.'"

We heard heavy footsteps in the circular room.

"Ariel!" sighed Miserrimus Dexter out of the darkness, in his softest notes.

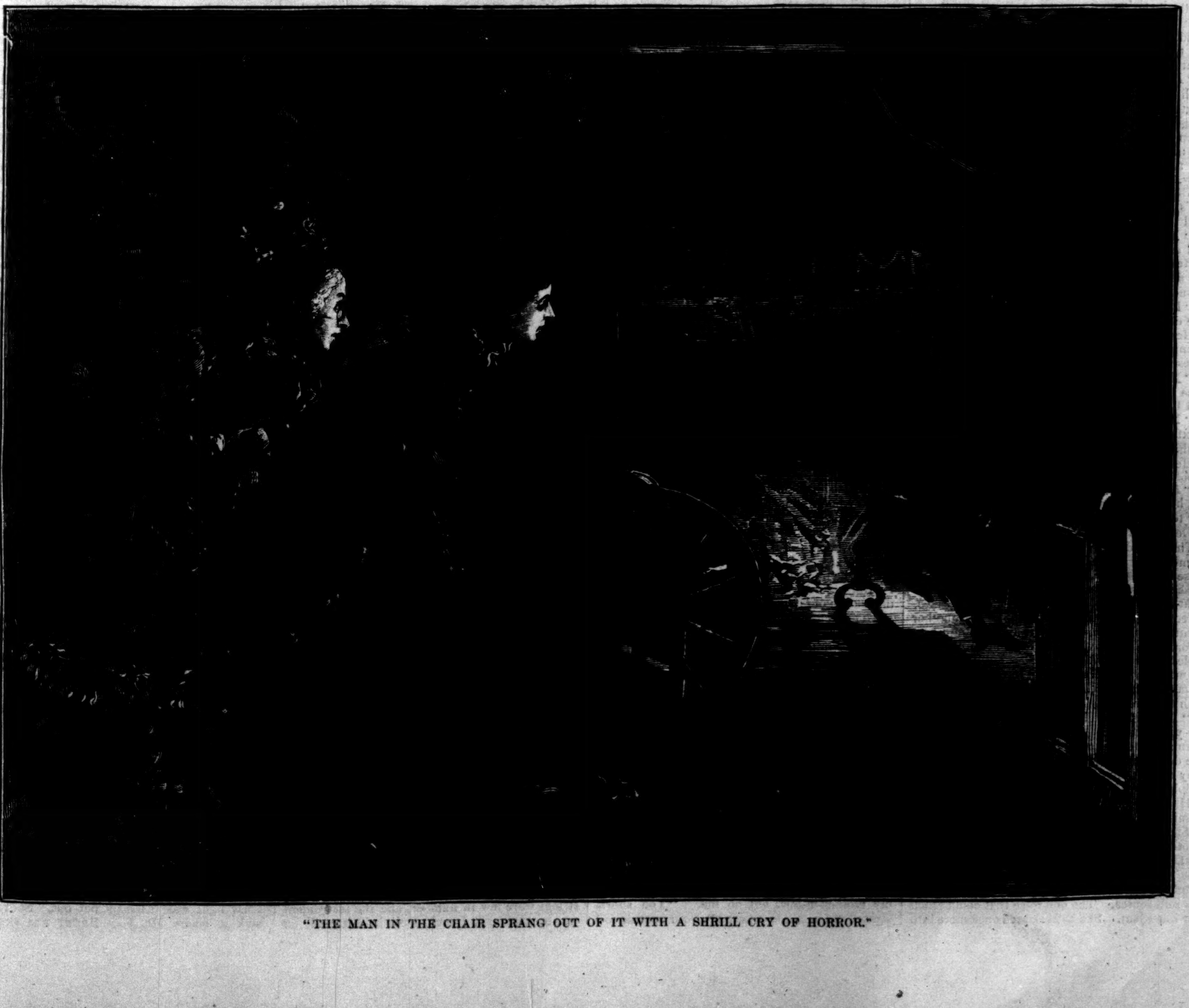
To my astonishment the coarse masculine voice of the cousin in the man's hat—the Caliban's, rather than the Ariel's voice—answered, "Here!"

"My chair, Ariel!"

The person thus strangely misnamed drew aside the tapestry, so as to let in more light; then entered the room, pushing the wheeled chair before her. She stooped and lifted Miserrimus Dexter from the floor, like a child. Before she could put him into the chair he sprang out of her arms with a little gleeful cry, and alighted on his seat, like a bird alighting on its perch!

"The lamp," said Miserrimus Dexter. "And the looking-glass. Pardon me," he added, addressing us, "for turning my back on you. You mustn't see me until my hair is set to rights. Ariel! the brush, the comb, and the perfumes."

Carrying the lamp in one hand, the looking-glass in the other, and the brush (with the comb stuck in it) between her teeth, Ariel the Second, otherwise Dexter's cousin, presented herself plainly before me for the first time. I could now see the girl's round, fleshy, inexpressive face, her rayless and colorless eyes, her coarse nose and heavy chin. A creature half alive; an imperfectly developed animal in shapeless form, clad in a man's pilot jacket, and trending in a man's heavy laced boots, with nothing but an



"THE MAN IN THE CHAIR SPRANG OUT OF IT WITH A SHRILL CRY OF HORROR."

old red flannel petticoat, and a broken comb in her frowzy flaxen hair, to tell us that she was a woman—such was the inhospitable person who had received us in the darkness when we first entered the house.

This wonderful valet, collecting her materials for dressing her still more wonderful master’s hair, gave him the looking-glass (a hand-mirror), and addressed herself to her work.

She combed, she brushed, she oiled, she perfumed, the flowing locks and the long silky beard of Miserrimus Dexter with the strangest mixture of dullness and dexterity that I ever saw. Done in brute silence, with a lumpish look and a clumsy gait, the work was perfectly well done nevertheless. The imp in the chair superintended the whole proceeding critically by means of his hand-mirror. He was too deeply interested in this occupation to speak until some of the concluding touches to his beard brought the misnamed Ariel in front of him, and so turned her full face toward the part of the room in which Mrs. Macallan and I were standing. Then he addressed us, taking especial care, however, not to turn his head our way while his toilet was still incomplete.

“Mamma Macallan,” he said, “what is the Christian name of your son’s second wife?”

“Why do you want to know?” asked my mother-in-law.

“I want to know because I can’t address her as ‘Mrs. Eustace Macallan.’”

“Why not?”

“It recalls *the other* Mrs, Eustace Macallan. If I am reminded of those horrible days at Gleninch my fortitude will give way—I shall burst out screaming again.”

Hearing this, I hastened to interpose.

“My name is Valeria,” I said.

“A Roman name,” remarked Miserrimus Dexter. “I like it. My mind is cast in the Roman mould. My bodily build would have been Roman if I had been born with legs. I shall call you Mrs. Valeria, unless you disapprove of it.”

I hastened to say that I was far from disapproving of it.

“Very good,” said Miserrimus Dexter. “Mrs. Valeria, do you see the face of this creature in front of me?”

He pointed with the hand-mirror to his cousin as unconcernedly as he might have pointed to a dog. His cousin, on her side, took no more notice than a dog would have taken of the contemptuous phrase by which he had designated her. She went on combing and oiling his beard as composedly as ever.

“It is the face of an idiot, isn’t it?” pursued Miserrimus Dexter. “Look at her! She is a mere vegetable. A cabbage in a garden has as much life and expression in it as that girl exhibits at the present moment. Would you believe there was latent intelligence, affection, pride, fidelity, in such a half-developed being as this?”

I was really ashamed to answer him. Quite needlessly! The impenetrable young woman went on with her master’s beard. A machine could not have taken less notice of the life and the talk around it than this incomprehensible creature.

“*I* have got at that latent affection, pride, fidelity, and the rest of it,” resumed Miserrimus Dexter. “*I* hold the key to that dormant Intelligence. Grand thought! Now look at her when I speak. (I named her, poor wretch, in one of my ironical moments. She has got to like her name, just as a dog gets to like his collar.) Now, Mrs. Valeria, look and listen. Ariel!”

The girl’s dull face began to brighten. The girl’s mechanically moving hand stopped, and held the comb in suspense.

“Ariel! you have learned to dress my hair and anoint my beard, haven’t you?”

Her face still brightened. “Yes! yes! yes!” she answered, eagerly. “And you say I have learned to do it well, don’t you?”

“I say that. Would you like to let any body else do it for you?”

Her eyes melted softly into light and life. Her strange unwomanly voice sank to the gentlest tones that I had heard from her yet.

“Nobody else shall do it for me,” she said, at once proudly and tenderly. “Nobody, as long as I live, shall touch you but me.”

“Not even the lady there?” asked Miserrimus Dexter, pointing backward with his hand-mirror to the place at which I was standing.

Her eyes suddenly flashed, her hand suddenly shook the comb at me, in a burst of jealous rage.

“Let her try!” cried the poor creature, raising her voice again to its hoarsest notes. “Let her touch you if she dares!”

Dexter laughed at the childish outbreak. “That will do, my delicate Ariel,” he said. “I dismiss your Intelligence for the present. Relapse into your former self. Finish my beard.”

She passively resumed her work. The new light in her eyes, the new expression in her face, faded little by little and died out. In another minute the face was as vacant and as lumpish as before: the hands did their work again with the lifeless dexterity which had so painfully impressed me when she first took up the brush. Miserrimus Dexter appeared to be perfectly satisfied with these results.

“I thought my little experiment might interest you,” he said. “You see how it is? The dormant intelligence of my curious cousin is like the dormant sound in a musical instrument. I play upon it, and it answers to my touch.” He indulged himself in a last look at the mirror. “Ha!” he said, complacently; “now I shall do. Vanish, Ariel!”

She tramped out of the room in her heavy boots, with the mute obedience of a trained animal. I said “Good-night” as she passed me. She neither returned the salutation nor looked at me: the words simply produced no effect on her dull senses. The one voice that could reach her was silent. She had relapsed once more into the vacant inanimate creature who had opened the gate to us, until it pleased Miserrimus Dexter to speak to her again.

“Valeria!” said my mother-in-law. “Our modest host is waiting to see what you think of him.”

While my attention was fixed on his cousin he had wheeled his chair round so as to face me, with the light of the lamp falling full on him. In mentioning his appearance as a witness at the Trial, I find I have borrowed (without meaning to do so) from my experience of him at this later time. I saw plainly now the bright intelligent face and the large clear blue eyes, the lustrous waving hair of a light chestnut-color, the long delicate white hands, and the magnificent throat and chest which I have elsewhere described. The deformity which degraded and destroyed the manly beauty of his head and breast was hidden from view by an Oriental robe of many colors, thrown over the chair like a coverlet. He was clothed in a jacket of black velvet, fastened loosely across his chest with large malachite buttons; and he wore lace ruffles at the ends of his sleeves, in the fashion of the last century. It may well have been due to want of perception on my part—but I could see nothing mad in him, nothing in any way repelling, as he now looked at me. The one defect that I could discover in his face was at the outer corners of his eyes, just under the temple. Here when he laughed, and in a lesser degree when he smiled, the skin contracted into quaint little wrinkles and folds, which looked strangely out of harmony with the almost youthful appearance of the rest of his face. As to his other features, the mouth, so far as his beard and mustache permitted me to see it, was small and delicately formed; the nose—perfectly shaped on the straight Grecian model—was perhaps a little too thin, judged by comparison with the full cheeks and the high massive forehead. Looking at him as a whole (and speaking of him, of course, from a woman’s, not a physiognomist’s, point of view), I can only describe him as being an unusually handsome man. A painter would have reveled in him as a model for St. John. And a young girl, ignorant of what the Oriental robe hid from view, would have said to herself, the instant she looked at him, “Here is the hero of my dreams!”

His blue eyes—large as the eyes of a woman, clear as the eyes of a child—rested on me the moment I turned toward him, with a strangely varying play of expression, which at once interested and perplexed me.

Now there was doubt, uneasy, painful doubt, in the look: and now again it changed brightly to approval, so open and unrestrained that a vain woman might have fancied she had made a conquest of him at first sight. Suddenly a new emotion seemed to take possession of him. His eyes sank, his head drooped; he lifted his hands with a gesture of regret. He muttered and murmured to himself; pursuing some secret and melancholy train of thought, which seemed to lead him farther and farther away from present objects of interest, and to plunge him deeper and deeper in troubled recollections of the past. Here and there I caught some of the words. Little by little I found myself trying to fathom what was darkly passing in this strange man’s mind.

“A far more charming face,” I heard him say. “But no—not a more beautiful figure. What figure was ever more beautiful than hers? Something—but not all—of her enchanting grace. Where is the resemblance which has brought her back to me? In the pose of the figure, perhaps? In the movement of the figure, perhaps? Poor martyred angel! What a life! And what a death! what a death!”

Was he comparing me with the victim of the poison—with my husband’s first wife? His words seemed to justify the conclusion. If I was right, the dead woman had been evidently a favorite with him. There was no misinterpreting the broken tones of his voice when he spoke of her: he had admired her, living; he mourned her, dead. Supposing that I could prevail upon myself to admit this extraordinary person into my confidence, what would be the result? Should I be the gainer or the loser by the resemblance which he fancied he had discovered? Would the sight of me console him or pain him? I waited eagerly to hear more on the subject of the first wife. Not a word more escaped his lips. A new change came over him. He lifted his head with a start, and looked about him as a weary man might look if he was suddenly disturbed in a deep sleep.

“What have I done?” he said. “Have I been letting my mind drift again?” He shuddered and sighed. “Oh, that house of Gleninch!” he murmured, sadly, to himself. “Shall I never get away from it in my thoughts? Oh, that house of Gleninch!”

To my infinite disappointment, Mrs. Macallan checked the further revelation of what was passing in his mind.

Something in the tone and manner of his allusion to her son’s country-house seemed to have offended her. She interposed sharply and decisively.

“Gently, my friend, gently!” she said. “I don’t think you quite know what you are talking about.”

His great blue eyes flashed at her fiercely. With one turn of his hand he brought his chair close at her side. The next instant he caught her by the arm, and forced her to bend to him, until he could whisper in her ear. He was violently agitated. His whisper was loud enough to make itself heard where I was sitting at the time.

“I don’t know what I am talking about?” he repeated, with his eyes fixed attentively, not on my mother-in-law, but on me. “You short-sighted old woman! where are your spectacles? Look at her! Do you see no resemblance—the figure, not the face!—do you see no resemblance there to Eustace’s first wife?”

“Pure fancy!” rejoined Mrs. Macallan. “I see nothing of the sort.”

He shook her impatiently.

“Not so loud!” he whispered. “She will hear you.”

“I have heard you both,” I said. “You need have no fear, Mr. Dexter, of speaking before me. I know that my husband had a first wife, and I know how miserably she died. I have read the Trial.”

“You have read the life and death of a martyr!” cried Miserrimus Dexter. He suddenly wheeled his chair my way; he bent over me; his eyes filled with tears. “Nobody appreciated her at her true value,” he said, “but me. Nobody but me! nobody but me!”

Mrs. Macallan walked away impatiently to the end of the room.

“When you are ready, Valeria, I am,” she said. “We can not keep the servants and the horses waiting much longer in this bleak place.”

I was too deeply interested in leading Miserrimus Dexter to pursue the subject on which he had touched to be willing to leave him at that moment. I pretended not to have heard Mrs. Macallan. I laid my hand, as if by accident, on the wheel-chair to keep him near me.

“You showed how highly you esteemed that poor lady in your evidence at the Trial,” I said. “I believe, Mr. Dexter, you have ideas of your own about the mystery of her death?”

He had been looking at my hand, resting on the arm of his chair, until I ventured on my question. At that he suddenly raised his eyes, and fixed them with a frowning and furtive suspicion on my face.

“How do you know I have ideas of my own?” he asked, sternly.

“I know it from reading the Trial,” I answered. “The lawyer who cross-examined you spoke almost in the very words which I have just used. I had no intention of offending you, Mr. Dexter.”

His face cleared as rapidly as it had clouded. He smiled, and laid his hand on mine. His touch struck me cold. I felt every nerve in me shivering under it; I drew my hand away quickly.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, “if I have misunderstood you. I *have* ideas of my own about that unhappy lady.” He paused and looked at me in silence very earnestly. “Have *you* any ideas?” he asked. “Ideas about her life? or about her death?”

I was deeply interested; I was burning to hear more. It might encourage him to speak if I was candid with him. I answered, “Yes.”

“Ideas which you have mentioned to any one?” he went on.

“To no living creature,” I replied—“as yet.”

“This is very strange!” he said, still earnestly reading my face. “What interest can *you* have in a dead woman whom you never knew? Why did you ask me that question just now? Have you any motive in coming here to see me?”

I boldly acknowledged the truth. I said, “I have a motive.”

“Is it connected with Eustace Macallan’s first wife?”

“It is.”

“With any thing that happened in her lifetime?”

“No.”

“With her death?”

“Yes.”

He suddenly clasped his hands with a wild gesture of despair, and then pressed them both on his head, as if he was struck by some sudden pain.

“I can’t hear it to-night!” he said. “I would give worlds to hear it, but I daren’t. I should lose all hold over myself in the state I am in now. I am not equal to raking up the horror and the mystery of the past; I have not courage enough to open the grave of the martyred dead. Did you hear me when you came here? I have an immense imagination. It runs riot at times. It makes an actor of me. I play the parts of all the heroes that ever lived. I feel their characters. I merge myself in their individualities. For the time I *am* the man I fancy myself to be. I can’t help it. I am obliged to do it. If I restrained my imagination when the fit is on me, I should go mad. I let myself loose. It lasts for hours. It leaves me with my energies worn out, with my sensibilities frightfully acute. Rouse any melancholy or terrible associations in me at such times, and I am capable of hysterics, I am capable of screaming. You heard me scream. You shall *not* see me in hysterics. No, Mrs. Valeria—no, you innocent reflection of the dead and gone—I would not frighten you for the world. Will you come here to-morrow in the daytime? I have got a chaise and a pony. Ariel, my delicate Ariel, can drive. She shall call at Mamma Macallan’s and fetch you. We will talk to-morrow, when I am fit for it. I am dying to hear you. I will be fit for you in the morning. I will be civil, intelligent, communicative, in the morning. No more of it now. Away with the subject—the too-exciting, the too-interesting subject! I must compose myself, or my brains will explode in my head. Music is the true narcotic for excitable brains. My harp! my harp!”

He rushed away in his chair to the far end of the room, passing Mrs. Macallan as she returned to me, bent on hastening our departure.

“Come!” said the old lady, irritably. “You have seen him, and he has made a good show of himself. More of him might be tiresome. Come away.”

The chair returned to us more slowly. Miserrimus Dexter was working it with one hand only. In the other he held a harp of a pattern which I had hitherto only seen in pictures. The strings were few in number, and the instrument was so small that I could have held it easily on my lap. It was the ancient harp of the pictured Muses and the legendary Welsh bards.

“Good-night, Dexter,” said Mrs. Macallan.

He held up one hand imperatively.

“Wait!” he said. “Let her hear me sing.” He turned to me. “I decline to be indebted to other people for my poetry and my music,” he went on. “I compose my own poetry and my own music. I improvise. Give me a moment to think. I will improvise for You.”

He closed his eyes, and rested his head on the frame of the harp. His fingers gently touched the strings while he was thinking. In a few minutes he lifted his head, looked at me, and struck the first notes—the prelude to the song. It was wild, barbaric, monotonous music, utterly unlike any modern composition. Sometimes it suggested a slow and undulating Oriental dance. Sometimes it modulated into tones which reminded me of the severer harmonies of the old Gregorian chants. The words, when they followed the prelude, were as wild, as recklessly free from all restraint of critical rules, as the music. They were assuredly inspired by the occasion; I was the theme of the strange song. And thus—in one of the finest tenor voices I ever heard—my poet sang of me:

“Why does she come?
She reminds me of the lost;
She reminds me of the dead:
In her form like the other,
In her walk like the other:
Why does she come?

“Does Destiny bring her?
Shall we range together
The mazes of the past?
Shall we search together
The secrets of the past?
Shall we interchange thoughts, surmises, suspicions?
Does Destiny bring her?

“The Future will show.
Let the night pass;
Let the day come.
I shall see into Her mind:
She will look into Mine.
The Future will show.”

His voice sank, his fingers touched the strings more and more feebly as he approached the last lines. The overwrought brain needed and took its reanimating repose. At the final words his eyes slowly closed. His head lay back on the chair. He slept with his arms round his harp, as a child sleeps hugging its last new toy.

We stole out of the room on tiptoe, and left Miserrimus Dexter—poet, composer, and madman—in his peaceful sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BAY RIDGE ROBBERS.

On Sunday night, December 13, a small cabin sloop anchored near the dock at Bay Ridge, on the Long Island shore of New York Harbor, and two men, roughly and heavily clad, landed and went into a hotel bar-room. There they drank several times, and conversed together in tones too low to be understood by the other occupants of the room. Later they were seen going back to the sloop with a quantity of provisions. Their appearance excited no suspicion.

About forty feet from the shore road at Bay Ridge, and nearly a mile above Fort Hamilton, stands a two-story frame house, painted white, belonging to Judge Van Brunt. It is occupied only during the summer months, but contains much valuable property. For security against robbers it is connected by a burglar-alarm with a house on the grounds adjoining, occupied by the family of Mr. John Holmes Van Brunt, a brother of the judge. A servant, William Scott, who takes charge of the vacant house, has a room over the stable, about a hundred yards in the rear.

Mr. J. H. Van Brunt had been quite ill for some days, and Sunday night his wife watched at his bedside. The night was dark, a cold, drizzly rain was falling, and the wind blew a gale. About two o’clock Mrs. Van Brunt was startled by the ringing of the alarm connected with the judge’s house. She called their son Alvord, who hastily dressed and went into his father’s room. It was thought the wind might have blown with such force against the windows as to start the alarm, and the young man, taking a lantern and revolver, went out to make an investigation. On nearing the vacant house he saw a light in one of the rooms, and perceiving that he might need assistance, he called Scott and another hired man named Herman Frank, and armed them with shot-guns. He then told his father how matters stood. The elder Van Brunt was scarcely able to rise from his bed, but he insisted on arming himself with a gun, gave another to his son, and the four men approached the vacant house with the necessary caution. The light was still moving from room to room. The cellar door at the rear of the house was open. Mr. Van Brunt took his position with Scott by the side of a tree about twenty-five feet from the cellar door, while Alvord and Frank stationed themselves at the front gate.

About thirty minutes of silent watching elapsed. Between the slats of the window-blinds the light could be seen flitting from room to room. Becoming impatient, Mr. Van Brunt carefully approached the house, and looking through the blinds, saw two desperadoes moving about, one carrying the light, the other with something heavy in his hands. “I could have shot them both then,” said Mr. Van Brunt afterward, “but I hadn’t the heart to do it.” He went back to the tree and waited as before. The lantern was hidden behind the ice-house, and all was dark outside. After waiting a short time longer Mr. Van Brunt ordered Scott to unlock the kitchen door while he kept watch over the entrance to the cellar. The key was rusty, and its grating in the lock alarmed the burglars. Their light was instantly put out. Scott fell back to where Mr. Van Brunt was stooping down under the tree, and they saw something like the igniting of a match in the cellar. "They are coming!" whispered Scott. Mr. Van Brunt raised his gun. The grating of their feet on the cellar stairs betrayed their presence.

"Stand!" shouted Mr. Van Brunt.

The quick answer was two simultaneous pistol-shots. The balls whizzed past Mr. Van Brunt, who instantly fired. One of the burglars, whose name was afterward ascertained to be Douglas, was seen to clutch at the cellar door and brace himself. His companion started wildly toward the corner of the house, and Douglas staggered after him. Scott fired immediately after Mr. Van Brunt, but missed, his charge shattering the lower part of a window.

Alvord Van Brunt and Frank, who were standing near the front gate, heard the elder Van Brunt, immediately after the shots, call out, "There they come! shoot them!" and ran toward the southern side of the house, where they knew the men would have to come. As the burglars came running round the corner, Alvord and Frank fired twice upon them, and one, afterward ascertained to be Douglas, staggered toward the fence and fell against it. No sooner had the last shot been fired than a pistol-ball whizzed close to Alvord's ears. He turned in the direction from which the shot came, and was greeted by another. This time he felt the powder in his face. He could see the form of a man within an arm's length of him, and could plainly distinguish the glistening barrel of his pistol. As he raised his pistol the third time, Alvord clubbed his gun and struck his right arm with the stock. The blow must have been a strong one, for the gun snapped like a pipe-stem. His arm fell powerless at his side, but to avoid dropping his pistol he clutched his right with his left hand, and was evidently trying to bring his weapon into range for a fourth shot. But the useless arm made his motions slow, and gave Alvord time to draw his revolver, which was in the right hand pocket of his trowsers. When Alvord drew his revolver he was close enough to slap the burglar's face, but still it was so dark that his form was indistinct. Alvord fired while he was still trying to raise his pistol hand, but the shot did not seem to take effect. By this time they were in front of the house, having moved somewhat during the firing, and the burglar had a clear run. He turned and started to run toward the north. Alvord followed him, firing the second and third shots as fast as he could cock the pistol. At the third shot he fell, saying, as he touched the ground, in a weak voice, "I give up."

Meanwhile the neighbors, alarmed by the firing, came out in force, but not until all was over. Douglas, whose stomach was riddled with shot, feebly begged for whisky. It was brought. He touched it to his lips, and then gasped for water. A blanket was thrown over him to shelter him from the rain, as he was too severely wounded to be moved. At length he said, feebly, to the by-standers, "I've got forty dollars in my pocket. Use that to bury me with. My name is Joseph Douglas. I've got no relatives but a brother and sister, and I haven't seen them in twelve years. The other man's name is Mosher—William Mosher. He's got a wife and six children."

He was silent a moment, looking piteously in the faces of those who stood around. Then came a startling revelation.

"It's no use lying now," said Douglas, "I've got to die. I helped to steal Charlie Ross. Me and Mosher did it."

Then he paused. Urged to tell all he knew, he replied, "No; go to Mosher. He'll tell you all about it." When told that Mosher was dead, Douglas groaned and said, "Well, he could tell it all if he was alive. I can't now." He afterward said that he was in the buggy with Mosher when the child was stolen, and added that Superintendent Walling knew all about it. When asked where the child was, he replied that Mosher knew, and that the child was soon to be given up to his parents. Douglas lingered on till about five o'clock, when he breathed his last.

As soon as practicable after the shooting of these desperadoes a coroner's inquest was held over the dead bodies. The testimony was exceedingly dramatic, direct, and brief, and the verdict of the jury will commend itself to the judgment of the community. The jury find that the killing of these burglars was perfectly justifiable, and the persons who shot them are commended for the courageous manner in which, under trying circumstances, they defended their lives and property. The summary taking off of these men, and the complete justification of the act, can not fail to have a good effect. It was a severer lesson for the criminal classes than a dozen convictions by jury would have been, or the heaviest penalties the law could have inflicted. Burglars have in general a wholesome dread of fire-arms, and they will be more chary of breaking into houses if they find people prepared to give them a warm reception.

The desperadoes whose long career of crime was thus brought to a tragic close belonged to the class of outlaws known as river thieves. Mosher was between forty-five and fifty years old, and has been a thief all his life. He and Douglas used to cruise about at night in the little sloop in which they anchored at Bay Ridge the Sunday night preceding their last crime, and landing at some convenient place, would force their way into a store or dwelling, and carry off their plunder in their boat. The dying confession of Douglas was no surprise to the police authorities, who have long suspected him and Mosher of being the abductors of Charlie Ross, and have been in active search for them. They were known to be in the environs of Philadelphia, and disappeared the very day the child was stolen. Other circumstances connect them with this terrible crime, and even without the dying man's confession there seems no room to doubt it. Every effort is put forth by the police authorities to discover the present whereabouts of the missing child, and from every home in the land the prayer goes up that they may be successful.

On page 13 we give the portraits of Mr. Van Brunt and his son Alvord, a view of the rear of the house, with the burglars just emerging from the cellar-way and firing upon Mr. Van Brunt and Scott, and a sketch of the sloop at anchor at Bay Ridge. She is a centre-board sloop, about twenty-two feet in length and nine feet beam. The hull is lead-color, the best for concealment. The small boat used for landing is also shown. It is a bateau, flat-bottomed and turned up at the ends.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	27.	—First Sunday after Christmas; St. John the Evangelist.
Monday,	28.	—Holy Innocents.

JANUARY.

Friday,	1.	—Circumcision.
Wednesday,	6.	—Epiphany.
Sunday,	10.	—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	17.	—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	24.	—Septuagesima Sunday.
Monday,	25.	—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	31.	—Sexagesima Sunday.

On the 7th of December the Rev. Alexander H. Mackonochie, incumbent of St. Alban's, London, was suspended from the exercise of his clerical functions for six weeks by Sir Robert Phillimore, Dean of the Court of Arches. The complaints against him were for placing lighted candles on the communion-table, marching in procession through the aisles of the church, elevating the elements in the communion, wearing unusual vestments, standing with his back to the people during the prayer of consecration, using wafers for the communion service, saying the "Agnus Dei" during the service, making the sign of the cross, and kissing the prayer-book. The charges were brought under the "Church Discipline Act," the new Public Worship Regulation Act not being yet in force. The case was very fully argued by counsel on the 25th and 26th of November.

A correspondent of the *Catholic Review*, of this city, reports that the Pope intended to hold on December 21 a Consistory for the creation of new cardinals. Among the persons named as likely to be appointed are Monsignor Bartolini, Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, Monsignor Gianelli, Secretary of the Congregation of the Council, Monsignor Dechamps, Archbishop of Malines, Monsignor Manning, and Pacca, major-domo to the Pope.

Chief Justice Daly, of this city, has dissolved the injunctions by which the application of the Sunday law to several theatres was arrested. The Police Board have given notice that they will enforce the law strictly and impartially. On Sunday, December 13, orders were issued to the captains to close all theatres found open. The Bowery Theatre was made an exception, the injunction issued in its favor not having been dissolved.

Bishop Colenso having been announced to preach in St. Martin's Church, Oxford, Bishop Mackarness issued a notice forbidding him to officiate within that diocese. Dr. Colenso's sermon was, however, read to the congregation by the rector of St. Martin's, the Rev. C. J. H. Fletcher. The Bishop of London has also issued an inhibition forbidding Dr. Colenso to preach within his jurisdiction.

The scheme of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has been temporarily abandoned.

The most remarkable recent incident of the debate which has grown out of the publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet is the pastoral of Dr. Clifford, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton. He claims that English Catholic loyalty has been proved as a matter of fact, and that when Catholics affirm that they are loyal to the Queen they should be taken at their word. On the question whether the Pope has power to release them from their allegiance he says: "If the Pope were so to abuse his power as to seek to interfere in that which undoubtedly belongs to the civil authority, Catholics would resist it. Every Catholic bishop in England, in the oath he takes at his consecration, acknowledges not only his spiritual obedience to the Pope, but also that his civil allegiance is due to the Queen, and the Pope can not release the one party from the obligation without the consent of the other. It follows that the Pope has no power to free English Catholics from their allegiance."

Some Catholics of St. John, New Brunswick, are making an issue with the government by refusing to pay the school tax. We have already announced that two priests were arrested for resistance to the collection of the tax, but that they were released upon its payment by a friend. On the 4th of December some personal property of the Catholic Bishop of St. John and also of two cathedral priests was seized for the same reason. The articles seized were announced to be sold by public auction on December 7.

As a note of progress we should chronicle the establishment of "Thanksgiving-day" in the Sandwich Islands. November 16 was thus observed, in obedience to royal proclamation. An immense congregation of Hawaiians assembled on that day in the King's Chapel, which will hold 3000 persons. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Kuaea, King Kalakaua, and his brother, the Prince Regent.

The difficulties of the French Protestant Church are reaching a crisis. The delegates of the Liberal Consistories have had an audience of the Minister of Public Worship, during which they avowed their determination not to recognize the authority of the orthodox Synod, or to proceed to new elections as directed by the minister himself. They declared that one of three courses could be adopted—either for him to insist upon new elections taking place, and to depose the pastors and shut up the churches where they were not held; or to admit the Liberals to the position of a new church, to be recognized and paid by the state; or, thirdly, to make an equitable division of the existing establishment between the two contending parties. The minister has asked for further time for consideration.

The friends of the Rev. H. H. Murray, of Adirondack fame, are about erecting a new church for his use.

The Pope, in receiving Archbishop Manning, gave expression to his joy over the progress of the Catholic religion in England, and to the hope that the enemies of the Church would not be able to stop the movement.

The National Convention of Baptist Social Unions, held in Brooklyn December 9 and 10, was a great success. Among the persons present were Governors Tilden, of New York, and Gaston, of Massachusetts. The Hon. Francis Wayland presided. The question of the "Methods and Uses of Social Unions" was very fully discussed. Addresses were also delivered on the "Relation of the Laity to Evangelizing Agencies," the "Place of Education in Denominational Activities," and the "Conditions of the Power and Progress of a Christian Denomination."

The Chinese are numerous in Oregon as well as in California. In the city of Portland the Episcopalians have maintained a mission school for the past three years. About ninety Chinese pupils are enrolled. A Sunday-school has also been established, in which direct religious instruction is given.

The Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, rector of Grace Church in this city, was elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Iowa, but has declined the office. Dr. Potter is a son of the Rev. Dr. Alonzo Potter, for many years Bishop of Pennsylvania. Upon learning his declination the Convention elected the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington bishop. The Rev. Dr. G. D. Gillespie has been elected Bishop of the new diocese of Western Michigan. The Standing Committee of Illinois have called a special Convention to meet February 3, doubtless for the purpose of electing a successor to Bishop Whitehouse. On Wednesday, December 2, the Rev. Dr. J. H. D. Wingfield was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Northern California in St. Paul's Church, Petersburg, Virginia.

The battle between the Roman Catholic opponents of public education and the people has broken out in Nova Scotia. In view of the importance of the elections to take place the middle of December, the Wesleyan ministers of Halifax issued an address to the friends of education in the Province. In this they say that the public-school law has been perverted in that city, and that the funds raised by taxation have been largely applied to the support of schools under ecclesiastical control. They call for the thorough application of the public-school system to the city. The Baptist Provincial Convention have also adopted the following resolution: "That in view of the avowed determination of certain organs of ultramontane opinions, in defiance of the will of the people to effect the overthrow of the non-sectarian school systems of the maritime Provinces, as well as in view of the alleged fact that in some parts of Nova Scotia the school law of that Province is openly disobeyed, a committee be appointed to watch the proceedings of the opponents of free education, and to take such steps as may tend to the exposure and removal of abuses."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A fortnight ago the wharf at Catskill, on the Hudson River, was piled with evergreens awaiting transportation to New York for the holidays. The hardy mountaineers cut beautiful trees from their own farms—or from other lands—and send them to the metropolis at this season, thus materially increasing their yearly incomes. The sale of evergreens is a lively branch of trade in this city just before Christmas. The supply comes not only from the Catskills, but from New Jersey, Long Island, and the best and cheapest are brought from Maine. In Fulton and Washington markets, as well as in all smaller markets, in stores, on the sidewalk, and at street corners—in every available place of sale—Christmas-trees, wreaths, crosses, stars, and sundry ornaments made of evergreens can be bought for a trifle. Every family fastens a bit of Christmas green somewhere to give a cheery look to the home rooms, and shop windows do not lack decoration. So the sale is enormous. The custom of decking houses and churches with evergreens at Christmas dates far back to the times of the ancient Druids. It was a fanciful belief that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens, and there be protected from frost till a milder season came. The favorite trimmings were the ivy, holly, rosemary, laurel, and mistletoe. Holly and ivy are now most esteemed in England. Among us almost any pretty evergreen is satisfactory for Christmas adornings.

The genial story-teller Hans Christian Andersen must appreciate his Christmas gift when the donors are such youthful and sincere admirers as the little man who wrote the following:

> "TO THE TRIBUNE PAPER
>
> "PAPA SAYS YOU ARE GETTING MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR HANS ANDERSEN I LIKE TO HEAR HIS STORIES AND I AM GLAD HE WROT THEM I CANT READ THEM ALL ALON BUT MAMA READS THEM TO ME I WONDER HOW HE ROTE SO MENY NICE STORS I WANT TO GIVE HIM SOMTHING CLARENCE AND I GET THREE CENTS EVERY DAY WE AARE GOOD BUT WE DONT GET IT EVERY DAY BUT I HAVE 74 CENTS WHICH I WILL SEND AND PAPA SAYS HE WILL PUT SOME MORE WITH IT SO AS TO MAKE A DOLLER PLEASE SEND IT TO HANS ANDERSEN ——"
>
> "PLAINFIELD N J DECEMBER 4th

In 1866 a man living in Worcester, Massachusetts, had his leg badly crushed, and he has been paralyzed ever since and confined to his bed. Any attempt to move was attended with excruciating pain in the injured limb, which would continue for several days. During all these years the sufferer did not believe his case incurable, and a few weeks ago, at his own request, the limb was amputated. The bone was found to be badly diseased and decayed. After the operation the patient began slowly to improve, and now he is in a fair way to recover.

The Christmas mince-pie is historic. Probably in staid New England the worthy descendants of the Puritans consume as many mince-pies now as any other people. Yet time was when this article was the cause of serious contentions in the Church, and a Puritan regarded it with the utmost detestation. Originally the ingredients used in mince-pies had a peculiar signification, being intended to represent the spices, myrrh, and precious gifts brought by the wise men of the East to the infant Jesus.

The London *Garden* speaks of American apples of the last season's growth now selling in England and Ireland at moderate rates. They are sent abroad in barrels, packed as apples usually are for our own markets, and in general are in excellent condition, and sold at about the same price as here.

Another asteroid has been discovered by Professor Watson, of the Michigan University, who has the charge of the transit of Venus party which was located at Pekin. Professor Watson had previously discovered sixteen asteroids.

Those who propose giving presents at this gift-giving season should read and ponder the following brief tale, which we clip from an exchange: "Mr. Graves, of Middlefield, Massachusetts, recently lost his stock of hay by fire, and his sympathizing brother grangers immediately presented him with a valuable cow. Undoubtedly, if Graves had lost his stock of cows, the grangers would have sent him a stock of hay." It matters not whether the above incident is founded on fact or not, the moral is all the same—don't give inappropriate presents. There are always enough things pretty and appropriate to bestow on friends, if one will only have the good sense to select such.

Is this instinct? An Alexandria (Virginia) bull-dog had a combat with a fellow-cur that was too much for him. When this fact had made its way through his skull, the worsted dog fell dead and motionless on the ground. The victorious dog gave his prostrate form a parting chew or two, and then strutted around with an air of importance befitting the occasion. In a short time he took up the line of march for home. As his footsteps were dying away in the distance the eyes of the prostrate dog slightly unclosed. Seeing the victor in the distance and on the retreat, he opened his eyes wide, and when the victor turned the corner and was out of sight, the prostrate dog arose from the earth, shook the dirt from his garments, and jogged off home with a broad grin on his face. Are we to believe that this dog was destitute of reason?

Not long ago the Crown Princess of Germany visited the great Central Telegraph Office at Berlin, in which a large number of young women are employed. Her Royal Highness was gratified to learn that they had become acquainted with their business quickly and thoroughly, and did the work allotted them remarkably well. She was, however, unfavorably impressed by the showy and extravagant attire worn by these young employées.

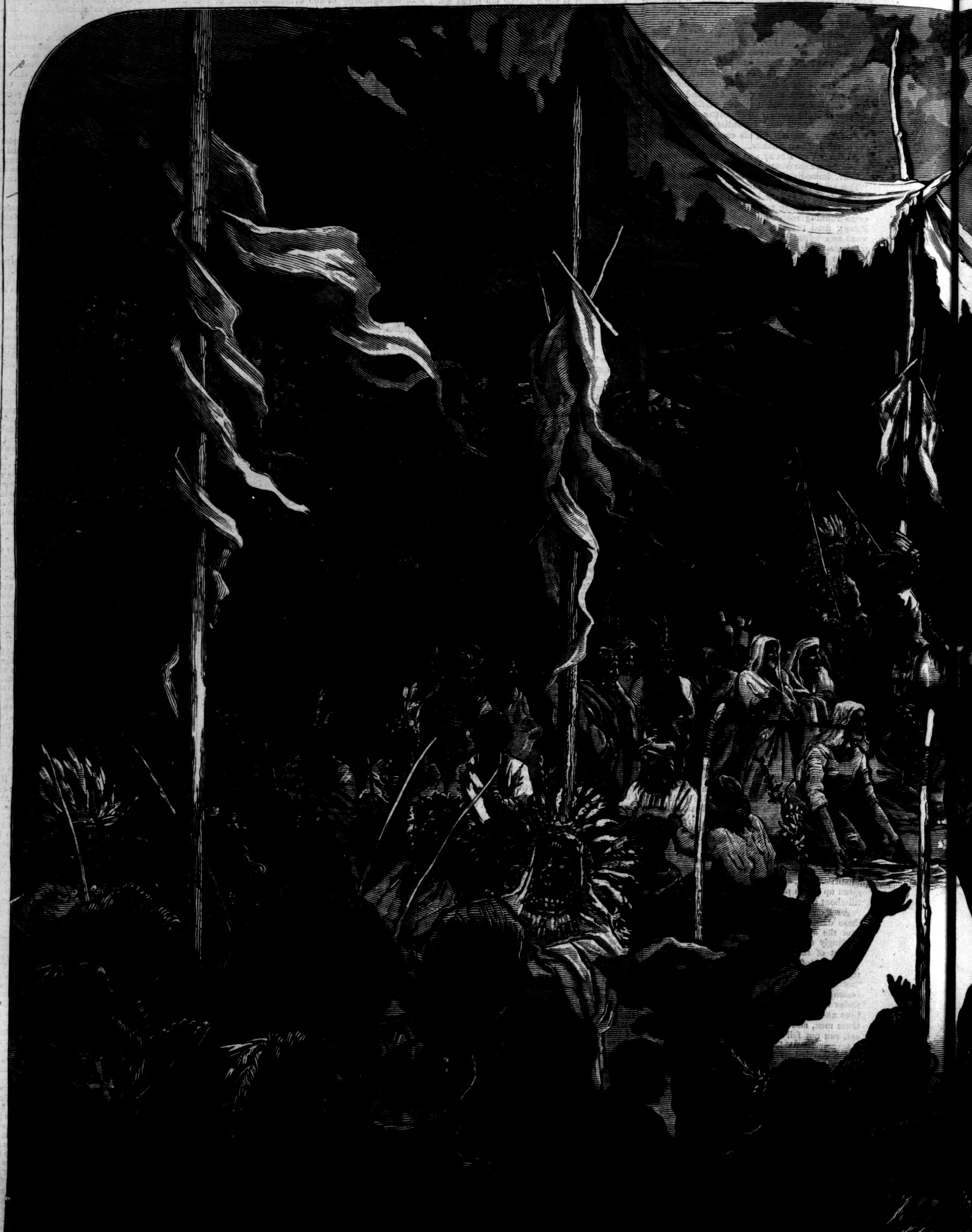
The marble monument which has been placed over the grave of William H. Seward in the Fort Hill Cemetery at Auburn is thus described: It is an immense, finely sculptured table, laid entirely over the tomb, raised at the head about three feet higher than the surface of the plane, in the form of a cinerary urn twined with ivy, and surmounted with a cross wreathed with the leaves of the oak and the laurel. The face of the table bears the words, "William H. Seward. Born May 16, 1809. Died Oct. 10, 1872." And the base of the urn bears the inscription which in his lifetime he said was the only epitaph he was ambitious to deserve —"He was faithful."

Sweeping the streets of Paris is an operation which is begun about three o'clock in the morning. It matters not what the weather may be, the street-sweepers must be at their post and at work. At that matutinal hour they may be counted by thousands, each armed with a stiff broom. Side by side with the sweeper goes the *chiffonnier*, or rag-picker, who explores the heaps of rubbish. In addition to hand-brooms, more than forty sweeping machines are employed upon the Paris pavement. These require one man and a horse each, and are chiefly used on the boulevards, avenues, squares, and broad thoroughfares, where they are worked most of the day.

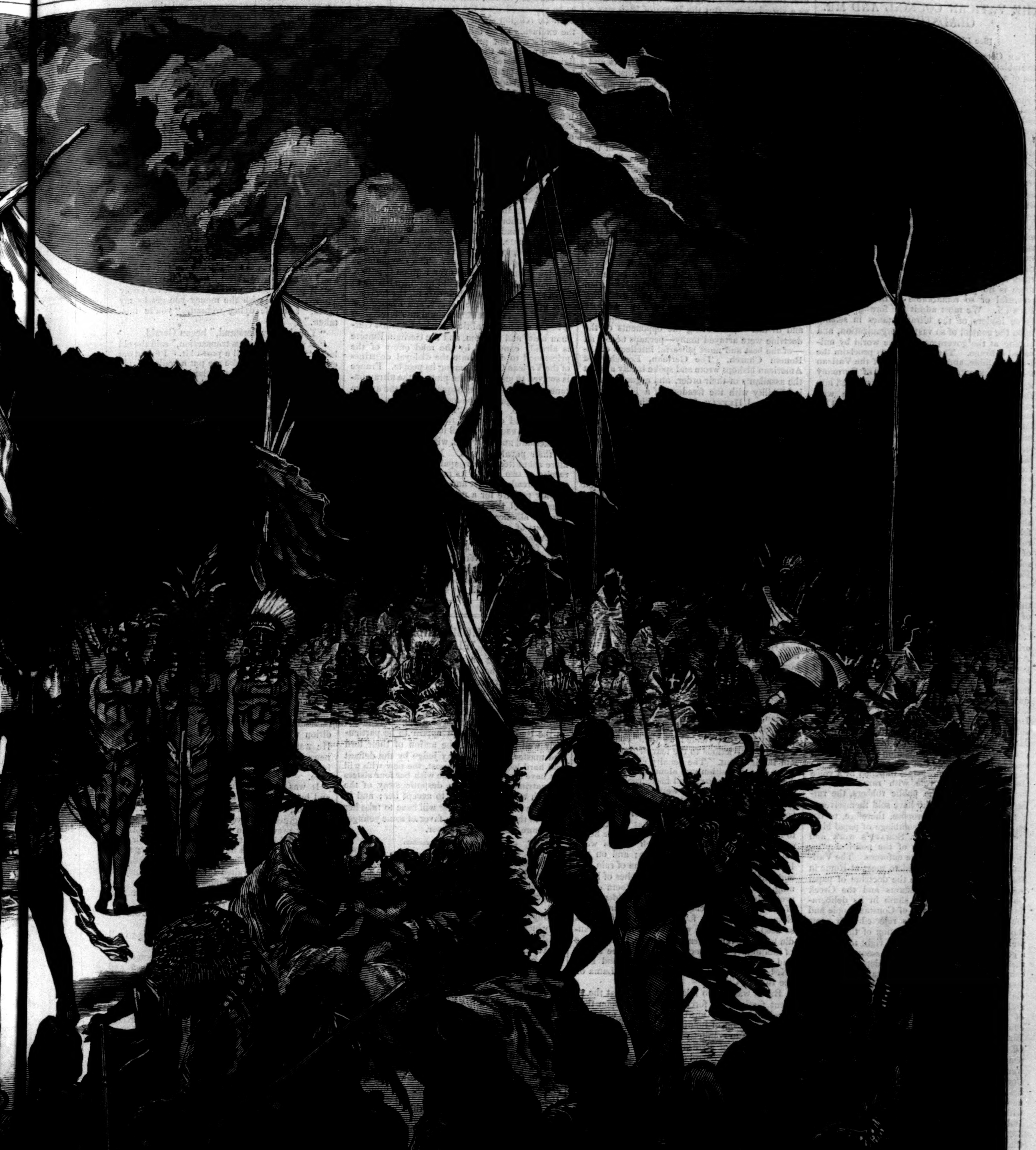
The resident artists of Edinburgh have recently presented to the Duchess of Edinburgh an album of water-color studies.

Much is said—and, alas! with too much truth—of the extravagance of the times. But, after all, what lady of modern times ever dissolved in vinegar a pearl worth $400,000, as did Cleopatra? Who, like Caligula, expends $400,000 for a single supper? or the like sum for a single dish, as Esopus? Messala paid $2,000,000 for the house of Anthony, and Cicero's establishment on the Palatine cost him $1,500,000, although he was not regarded in those days as a rich man by any means. In some of those olden times dishes were made of gold and silver set with precious stones. What lavish modern has beds of solid silver, and tables and plates of pure gold, mattresses covered with gold cloth, and the like, as did Heliogabalus? Yet we mourn over the extravagance of the times!

No doubt there are occasions when mothers who take care of their children themselves feel obliged to leave small children in a room alone. But the danger of so doing when there is a fire in the room is imminent. Within a few days two fatal accidents have occurred from this practice, one in Jersey City, the other in Babylon, Long Island. One mother went out on an errand, leaving her four-year-old son locked up in the room by himself. She had gone but a few steps when she heard frightful shrieks proceeding from her apartments. Rushing back, she discovered her son in flames. He had run against the stove and his clothes had ignited. He was so terribly burned that he died a few hours later. The other mother lighted a fire in an open grate and left the room to get some coal, leaving a little boy about two years old upon the floor. Attracted by the snapping of the fire, the little fellow crept toward it, when a spark ignited his clothes, and when his mother returned she was horrified to find him enveloped in flame. She seized him and rushed out shrieking for aid. A neighbor helped her to put the fire out, but not before the child was so badly burned that he died in three or four hours afterward.



INDIAN SUN DANCE—YOUNG BUCKS PROVING T EIR



T EIR ENDURANCE BY SELF-TORTURE.—[See Page 10.]

THE VATICAN COUNCIL AND MR. GLADSTONE.*

[See Illustration on Page 12.]

The Council of the Vatican in 1870, as an assemblage of the clerical dignitaries and deputies of a single sect, might have passed away with as little claim to general notice as a Presbyterian Synod or an English Convocation, and the civilized world might have heard with a smile that it had created an infallible oracle of morals and faith, and endowed with divine attributes a pope of no unspotted renown. A new Buddha, or another Mikado or Grand Lama, would have made little difference to the exterior denominations. But unhappily the Vatican Council had an important political aim. It was the gathering of a band of politicians as well as clerical leaders. It was to decide the conduct of the great host of papal voters in all future elections in Europe and America. It was to determine what degree of allegiance they were to pay to their native sovereigns or rulers. It was to form them into one vast political party, organized with unexampled rigor, united in a single aim in every land, and ruled by an infallible pope at Rome. Certainly there is no political faction, nor ever was, so powerful or so remarkable as that guided by Pius IX. We must admit the foresight of the fierce leaders of the ultramontanes in seizing upon the control of so vast an organization, and aiming at the government of the world by universal suffrage. They had only to proclaim the Pope infallible, and the mandates of the Vatican might be executed in the elections of Germany and New York. The prelates are converted into the servile agents of a political despotism, who cheerfully do the work of their masters, and instruct their people how to vote in London, Cleveland, or Lorraine. The infinite throng of Roman priests in Europe and America are the most successful of politicians. The humble Catholic laity have nothing left them but to obey the voice from Rome. If they murmur they are at once virtually excommunicated, like Lord Acton or his small band of allies. Armed with the horrors of Inferno and the bliss of heaven, the priests and prelates drive their voters to the polls, and should they shrink from the indignation of their fellow-citizens, and the rage of those they have robbed and betrayed, they may hear the voice of Rome crying to them like Mohammed to his soldiers, "Hell is hotter!" and press forward. Fanaticism has been transferred every where to the political canvass and the ballot-box, and it is a question whether the world is to be ruled by the visions of Mary Alacoque and the Lady of Salette, by Mannings and Antonellis, or by the voice of wisdom and of knowledge.

To the Vatican Council this singular political crisis is due. Millions of zealots in Europe and America now obey the decrees of an infallible pope, who before 1870 might have exercised some of the privileges of private judgment. A fierce and almost desperate faction are urging on the Church of Rome to a contest for the political control of the world. In Germany, in Italy, in France, the papal party votes with a solid and dangerous unity. In England Dr. Manning has already formed his Celtic followers into a distinct organization; they rule already in Ireland; and in our own elections the papal enemies of knowledge, impelled by a voice from the Vatican, vote with rare unanimity for the peculators, the public robbers, the ruffians, or the traitors who have sold themselves to a foreign rule. We propose, therefore, to describe briefly this last assemblage of papal bishops, and trace from Dr. Schaff's work and other sources the nature of the political principles which it every where enforces. The Vatican Council was summoned to meet at Rome in 1869 chiefly to determine the doctrine of papal infallibility. The Protestants and the Greek Church were invited to share in its deliberations. But the Patriarch of Constantinople and the other Oriental bishops rejected with some show of contempt the invitation of the Roman prelate, who, they held, had no right to summon a general council without their assent, and whom their predecessors had long ago deposed and excommunicated; and the Protestants were even less ready to admit the authority of one who claimed to be the head of the Christian Church, and whose garments were stained with the blood of their martyrs. The Council was therefore composed wholly of the adherents of the papacy. But the attendance of these was sufficiently large. Of 1037 persons entitled to be present, 764 appeared. Asia, America, Africa, and Europe were represented. But of the members of the Council Italy furnished 276, and of these 143 belonged to the former Papal States, and were all under the direct control of the Pope. France, with a larger Roman Catholic population than Italy, sent only 84, Germany 19, Great Britain 35, Spain 41, the United States 48; and more than one-half of the members were entertained at the Pope's expense during their stay in Rome. Yet a more imposing assemblage of prelates and dignitaries was never seen. Its numbers were greater than in any of its eighteen predecessors. The Eternal City was thronged with cardinals, patriarchs, primates, and bishops, and a crowd of spectators and attendants filled Rome with animation, and poured a stream of gold into the hands of its not unwilling people. They might scoff in secret at the famous dogma, but were ever ready to admit that it was not unprofitable as a speculation. But the Rome of 1870 was a centre of ecclesiastical tyranny, and, maintained by the arms of France, the Pope was enabled to enforce his temporal authority by a rigid severity. The press was silenced; the people and even foreign visitors were held in awe; informers and spies visited every company; no free discussion was permitted; and shut up as if within a prison and a fortress, amidst the clash of innumerable bells and the dull roar of the cannon of St. Angelo, the Council began its sessions in the Basilica of the Vatican on the 8th of December, 1869—the festival of the Immaculate Conception.

Its sittings continued late in October of the next year. An oath of secrecy was imposed upon each member, and the deliberations were held in private. The subjects of debate were proposed by the Pope, and the Jesuits guided the decisions of the Council. Nor did they probably forget that three hundred years before, at the Council of Trent, Lainez, Salmeron, and Le Jay had fiercely and boldly pressed the acceptance of the doctrine of infallibility, and had only yielded to the influence of the temporal powers in a partial defeat. What the sixteenth century had feared to promulgate, the disciples of Loyola now flung in the front of the civilization of the nineteenth, and demanded from every Roman Catholic a confession that the Pope of Mary Alacoque, of the Lady of Lourdes, was infallible and divine. Yet among the opponents of the doctrine were arrayed many—perhaps nearly all—of the best and most powerful intellects of the Roman Church. The German, French, and American bishops wrote and spoke boldly against the assailants of their order, and argued against infallibility with the freedom of a Döllinger. The learned Hefele, familiar with every council, Dupanloup and Darboy of France, the active Strossmayer, Kenrick of St. Louis, and Connolly of Halifax, led on a united and powerful party, who assailed the theory of the Jesuits at every stage. The long and tedious sittings were often made scenes of wild disorder by the furious bigotry of the supporters of infallibility. Their opponents were heretics, their own arguments invectives and almost blows. Once several bishops sprang from their seats, rushed to the tribune, and shook their fists in the face of Strossmayer, who was speaking. He was driven to his seat in the uproar. An American prelate compared the disorder to that of his native Congress with unpatriotic candor. The arguments of the infallibilists were sometimes at least amusing. One French bishop argued that the Pope was infallible because Peter was crucified with his head downward, and was loudly applauded. Another stated that the Sicilians had sent a special deputation to the Virgin Mary to ask if Peter was infallible, and that she had told them that she remembered having been present when Christ had conferred upon him that privilege. To these arguments there could be no reply that Hefele or Strossmayer could discover. The doctrine of infallibility was carried in the Council by an immense majority, the minority were terrified into complete submission, and the learned Hefele and the eloquent Strossmayer, the American, French, and German prelates, yielded up their consciences and their convictions to the fear of the fanatical and the ignorant. The penalty of excommunication and deposition was alone boldly defied by the honest Döllinger and his learned disciples. Meanwhile great changes were passing over the face of Europe, and the clash of arms might soon penetrate within the closed doors of St. Peter's. The Pope and the Jesuits felt that it was time to fling down their apple of discord into the heart of the nations while the French armies were making ready to cross the Rhine; and on the 18th of July, amidst a blinding storm of rain and ominous clouds, amidst constant flashes of lightning that shot into the unnatural gloom of the great church and gleamed over the golden tomb of St. Peter, and claps of thunder that made Rome tremble to its foundations, in a darkness so deep that the Pope was obliged to use a candle to enable him to read the decree, the doctrine of infallibility was proclaimed amidst the shouts and clappings of the whole assembly, and Pius IX. became the Buddha or the Grand Lama of the Roman Church.

But it was for no idle ostentation that the violent faction had forced the dogma upon their people and upon unwilling Europe, and with the declaration of infallibility the Papal Church found itself in conflict with all civil governments and all modern civilization. The Pope claims an independent control of the spiritual, and finally the temporal, affairs of every nation. He is as despotic in America as in England, in Vienna as in New York. From his decision there is no appeal. He holds in his hands the keys of heaven or hell. His excommunication is spiritual death; his blessing opens the gates of paradise. And he has expressly commanded all his adherents to labor and to vote in every country against popular education, against a press that is not controlled by a papal censorship, to overthrow every government that does not admit his supremacy, to re-establish every where the Roman Catholic faith, and make it the ruling power in every land. No Roman Catholic can any longer be a trustworthy citizen of any government that does not obey his master. Excommunication and the most horrible pains of his Church await him if he does not accept the doctrine of infallibility in its widest extent, and follow implicitly the political direction of his oracle at Rome. The Pope commands him to believe that the Roman pontiffs have never exceeded the proper limits of their powers (Syllabus iv. 21), that the commonwealth is not the origin and source of all rights (vi. 39), that in case of a conflict the civil power should not control the spiritual (vi. 42), that schools may not be governed by the civil power (vi. 45; vi. 47), that no Catholic can support secular schools (vi. 48), that the church ought not to be separated from the state (vi. 55), that the Catholic religion should be held by the state to the exclusion of all others (x. 78), that Catholic countries can not provide by law that persons coming to reside there may enjoy their own religion unmolested (x. 78), and that the Papal Church may punish those who dissent from its rule. Such is only a part of the political faith of every adherent of the papacy. It is difficult to see how any Roman Catholic can avoid holding in future the wildest visions of Mary Alacoque, or escape that fierce fanaticism that once armed the assassin's dagger against French and English kings or pointed the zeal of Kullmann against Prince Bismarck. Cardinal Antonelli and Dr. Manning have already excommunicated every one who entertains a doubt of the teachings of the Vatican Council, and who would escape from the tyranny of the Jesuits.

In the mean time the Vatican Council has produced among the nations of the earth all the discord and despair it was evidently intended to originate. The declaration of infallibility was almost coincident with the declaration of war by France against Germany. The two ominous proclamations resounded over Europe together. German Roman Catholics did not have leisure to hear, or perhaps closed their ears to, the treasonable promptings of the papacy, and France was beaten almost before Rome could interfere. But it began at once a political intrigue against German unity and freedom, and the German Empire is already convulsed by the mad effort of the priesthood to disseminate the disloyal doctrines of the Vatican Council among its people. France is swayed to and fro by the plots of the ultramontanes; the Vatican has bequeathed to the unhappy land a legacy of pauperism, ignorance, and brutal crime. England is alarmed at the secret progress and designs of the successors of Garnet and Parsons. Brazil imprisons its bishops; Switzerland and Italy look with natural suspicion on their papal subjects. New York has once more submitted to the papal rule, after a partial respite of two years; its public officials countenance already murder and riot; the papal priests already prepare for a new reign of robbery and license; and the Democratic party has rushed into an alliance with the papal party, and the elections of a throng of free communities from the Atlantic to the Pacific are decided by the voice from Rome. Thus Freedom, which had fled from the Old World to escape her ancient foes, has been followed by them to her distant retreat, and is once more struggling in their toils. But we think she will yet strangle the serpent by her cradle.

Eugene Lawrence.

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* *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance: A Political Expostulation.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. To which are added, a History of the Vatican Council, together with the Latin and English Text of the Papal Syllabus and the Vatican Decrees. By the Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

Harper & Brothers will send the above book by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

BRINGING HOME THE FIFTH WIFE.

Our engraving on page 4 illustrates one of the unpleasant incidents that sometimes occur in the domestic circles of Mormondom. A wealthy and rather elderly Mormon brings home a new acquisition in the shape of a young and very pretty wife, who has been "sealed" to him according to the rites of his Church. The ladies in the background do not appear to be particularly well pleased with the action of their lord and master, and if we may judge by the defiant and hard look of the foremost, the new wife will not have a very smooth time with her four sisters in matrimony. But the despotic sway of the Church will compel them to accept her; and in time the present new-comer will have to take her place in the background in favor of some younger and more fascinating charmer.

INDIAN SUN DANCE.

Our double-page engraving represents the celebration of various religious ceremonies as performed by the Sioux Indians in honor of the sun. These ceremonies take place early in June. Strangers are rarely allowed to witness the rites to which it was the good fortune of our enterprising artists to be admitted.

At the time and place appointed the whole tribe comes together and makes preparations for the construction of a round inclosure of high poles, interlaced with branches and covered with buffalo-skins. In the centre of the arena stands a tall pole, which has been selected by a young Indian maiden and cut down with great ceremony. It is adorned with flags of white and red cloth, and at the top, during the first day of the rites, are fixed rudely carved representations of a man and a buffalo. Old warriors and young "bucks," mounted on ponies, gallop round the pole at full speed, firing with arrows, pistols, and rifles at the two figures till they are brought to the ground.

Our illustration shows the third and last day of the ceremonies, when the young warriors of the tribe undergo various self-inflicted tortures for the purpose of proving their powers of endurance—such as piercing the skin and sticking into the wounds pieces of wood to which stout cords running from the central pole are attached. The whole weight of the body is suspended on these cords, producing the most excruciating pain, which is borne not only without flinching, but with every manifestation of delight. Others are fastened to ponies in the same manner and dragged round the arena. All these young warriors are naked, with the exception of a cloth about the loins, and their bodies are smeared with red, green, yellow, and blue paint.

All this time the old warriors, who have been through the same trial in their youth, try to encourage the young bucks by beating drums and singing war-songs. The medicine-man stands ready with drugs and herbs to revive those that succumb to the torture. The squaws, adorned with green wreaths, and carrying boughs in their hands, encourage them with approving cries, and throw them presents in token of admiration. The ceremony ends at sundown, and the night is spent in a grand carouse. Very often the Indians go on the war-path the morning after the sun dance. This was the case at the time this ceremony was witnessed by our artists.

MISS ERISM'S CODICIL.

Miss Rebecca Erism, a valetudinarian of sixty, lay dying at her house in town. She had held so tenacious a grip upon life that it was difficult for the two young people to realize the end was so near. These two young people were Gerald Erism, her nephew, and Miss Luane Williams, her companion and nurse.

Gerald had seen the young woman every day for the three years she had lived with his aunt, but never until that moment had bestowed a serious thought upon her. He did not even know the color of her eyes, till his aunt gasped out a sentence that caused him to look at her attentively. Then he found them shining luminously in the sombre gloom of the sick-chamber, and something therein forbade him to hate her, although the sentence his aunt had uttered was to the effect that she had left Miss Williams all her money.

"If you expect to pay for that horse for Emily Thorpe to ride with the money you get by my death," said the dying woman, "you're mistaken."

"You don't understand," began Gerald.

"It was an infamous transaction," said the old lady, "and what I call a post-obit. I found out enough about it to make me put a codicil to my will. That rascally horse-dealer 'll lose his money after all, and Emily Thorpe shall flaunt none of her finery at my expense. I've left every penny to Luane Williams!"

It was then that Gerald looked at Luane; but his aunt suddenly stretched out her hands to him pleadingly, and finding a gray pallor spreading over her face, he knelt down by the bedside and took her cold withered hand in his own.

"If the horse had been for any one but that Emily Thorpe!" faltered the poor old lady.

"Oh, aunt," said Gerald, "if you'd let me explain—"

"I would if I had time," she said; "but I must die now."

In ten minutes it was all over, and Gerald went out of the house with a great ache at his heart. He was very sorry for his aunt; she had been very kind to him—too kind, for she had reared him for the useless life of a drone, when now it appeared he must work for his living like all the rest of the bees. It had hitherto been something of a bore to him merely to spend money, and the fact began to dawn unpleasantly upon his mind that to earn it must be infinitely more wearisome.

Walking aimlessly on, his feet took mechanically a familiar direction, and he found himself pausing before a fine house in a fashionable quarter of the city, from whence shambled a somewhat bent and awkward figure that presently disappeared in a brougham before the door.

Gerald recognized the man as Mr. Badger, the millionaire, and involuntarily contrasted his condition with that of the fortunate soap dealer. He was, however, so absorbed with the direful news he had to tell Emily that before she came into the parlor he had forgotten Badger's existence.

It was singular that her remarkable beauty and brilliant toilet did not appall Gerald at that moment, that the fact of his no longer being able to grace that lovely hand with befitting gems did not prevent him from seizing it in both his own and kissing it rapturously. But for that enchanting moment he was allowed to forget the gloomy chamber where his aunt lay dead, and the woman that waited there for the money he had been taught to consider his own.

"It seems to me that you are very beautiful this morning," was all that he could say.

Emily drew her hand gently away from his caress.

"Gerald," she said, "I have something to tell you."

Her accent was cold. There was something in her manner that caused him to step back and look at her with a dim premonition of what was to come.

"You know," she continued, "how bitterly opposed is your aunt to your affection for me. She has told me herself that she will never consent to our happiness. Gerald, I am too fond of you to wreck your whole life. There was but one way to end it all—"

She paused. He leaned forward, and still kept his eyes, now wan and haggard, upon her face. Then she sank pale and trembling into a chair, and covered her eyes with her hand. She was moved with pity, perhaps, or a vague regret. At last she spoke.

"I have just accepted an offer of marriage."

"From Badger," cried Gerald, and walked to the door. "Your prudence," he added, standing upon the threshold, "has served you well. You have just got rid of me in time. My aunt died this morning, and has left every thing she had to her nurse and companion."

Then he got out into the street, and walked along with a faltering, staggering step. His eyes were wild, his face lividly pale. People turned to look at him as he went by, and two or three wondered what was sending that man to the devil.

He went home and stood by the body of his aunt. There was a singular fascination about this death—something very wonderful and tempting in that mysterious and absolute rest. Suddenly he became master of himself, of the bitterness and despair of the moment. He walked firmly to the door; but a step followed him, and turning, he saw the pale perturbed face of Miss Williams. Then he remembered her presence in the room, but his madness and grief had prevented him from realizing it.

"Just one word, Mr. Erism," she said. "Of course you know that I will not touch one penny of this money!"

"It doesn't matter now," he replied. "It might as well be yours as any body's!"

"But it is yours," she said.

"Oh, as for me," said Gerald, "I shall not want it." He walked on through the hall. Miss Williams followed him stealthily. He entered his room, but when the door shut him in, Luane remained, haggard and trembling, her ear glued to the cold panel between them. A grim silence reigned about her. She could hear the clock tick in the dead woman's room below. Suddenly she put both her hands about the knob and opened the door. Gerald turned quickly; there was an ominous click; the pistol fell a little as it went off. The blood soaked through his coat and trickled out upon the floor. Just as Luane was about sinking at his feet, Gerald put out his hand to her.

"An accident, Miss Williams," he said. "Please send Adams for the doctor, and then help me off with my coat."

This brought Luane to herself. She hastened to do his bidding, dispatched Adams, and returning again to Gerald, stanched the blood with strips of the pillow-case from the bed. When the doctor came she held the light for him while he probed the wound and extracted the bullet.

"An inch or so higher," said the doctor, "and you would have been buried on the same day with your aunt."

"It was a lucky thing, then, that Miss Williams had an errand to my room when she did," said Gerald. "As she opened the door, my hand fell and the pistol went off."

"She has unconsciously saved your life," said the doctor. Then as Luane left the room he added, "She's the finest young woman I know, and would make a capital nurse in my hospital. Do you know what she thinks of doing now that your aunt is gone?"

"No," said Gerald, with a grim smile; "but I fancy she'll think of something livelier than that."

"She has such an excellent physique and splendid nerve," said the doctor. "But I must go. Keep as quiet as you can, and have Adams within call."

That night Gerald awoke with an intolerable thirst; his temples throbbed, his eyes burned. Looking over at Adams, he found that he was sound asleep. This of itself was offensive to Gerald. What business had the man to sleep when he was suffering? How horribly oppressive the stillness was, this semi-darkness and loneliness! At that moment a ponderous snore resounded from the throat of the sturdy Adams, and Gerald almost leaped from his bed. It was like a stab to him; it was unendurable. He stretched over his sound arm, and reaching a pillow, threw it with all his might at the unconscious Adams. But in spite of the agony the movement cost him, it was a futile one. The pillow fell far short of the object on the floor, and Gerald sank back with a groan.

But suddenly the soft touch of a woman's hand fell tenderly upon his forehead, the sweet tones of a woman's voice fell soothingly upon his ear.

"It is time for your medicine," said Luane, and put the cup to his lips. Gerald drank as if it was nectar. Then she arranged his pillows for him, and was about retreating from the room when he faintly called for a drink. Then he thought his head was too high, or perhaps a trifle low: every movement caused him intolerable agony, but he hated to be alone with Adams again. Besides, he was curious about this woman. She must have really divined his motive, and come to him to save his life. She was again about to leave him, but he put his hand upon hers to detain her, and found that it trembled a little beneath his touch.

"Your hand didn't tremble when you held the lamp for the doctor," said Gerald. "He wants you for a hospital nurse, but I told him you'd prefer something more cheerful."

"Why, I think I'd like it," said Luane. "You know I must do something."

"I don't see the necessity," said Gerald; "you have my aunt's money, and it will occupy all your time to enjoy it."

"Your aunt's money is your own," said Luane, "and you insult me by thinking I would take advantage of the poor old lady's weakness: I never will touch a penny of it. And, Mr. Erism, you must not talk."

"One word, only one," pleaded Gerald. "But for you I might have been like—like our poor old friend below." Gerald shuddered and turned pale. "I am cowardly enough," he went on, "to hate even the thought of it now. How can I thank you, Miss Williams?"

"By taking what is your own, and using it well and nobly," said Luane, and vanished from his sight.

But as she left him he felt a sudden throb in the hand beneath his own, and saw a quick flame leap into her cheek, a glow to her eyes.

"Three long years," murmured Gerald, "and I never knew her till now."

Gerald was young and strong, and the fourth day, the one appointed for the funeral, he was able to be up and dressed, and welcomed Luane warmly as she entered his room. She looked paler than ever in her black dress, but Gerald thought he never had seen so sweet and noble a face.

"How I would like to go down, Miss Williams," he said, "and enjoy the surprise of the good people below! I'd like to see them bow and smile to the heiress of my aunt's fortune. I'm as bad as the rest of them, I suppose, for I feel like making you all sorts of pretty speeches." Gerald paused, and his face grew suddenly grave and tender. "Go now," he added, "and kiss my aunt good-by for me; tell her I am quite satisfied with every thing."

Luane went from the room and down the stairs. For the last three days she had been like one in a dream. It seemed awful to be warm and happy even after she entered the dark gloomy drawing-room, even after she had bent and kissed the cold stern face for Gerald and for herself.

"I will not take it," she whispered, hot tears raining on the dead woman's face—"I will not take a penny of it; but it has given me such a gleam of happiness. God forever bless you for it!"

Then the people began to pour in, and the ceremony commenced. Luane's were the only tears that were shed, and the most of the guests came from civility or curiosity. Miss Erism had taken but little active part in the world for many a year, and the poor lady was very soon put away and forgotten.

The most important part of the proceedings was when they returned from the burial to hear the reading of the will.

Luane trembled when the pompous lawyer unrolled the parchment, and began in a sonorous voice—"In the name of God, amen!"

What would they think of her—what would they say of her? Oh, how glad she was that the only one she cared for in the world knew all about it! how innocent she was, and how ignorant!

But even while she thought thus she heard the lawyer read, "To my beloved nephew, Gerald Erism, I give and bequeath all my property, personal and otherwise." Luane could scarcely believe her ears. She listened to the end, and heard at last, "To Luane Williams, my faithful nurse, I give a mourning-ring and the sum of fifty dollars."

Then she went up stairs to Gerald.

"The king shall have his own!" she said.

"Only on one condition," said Gerald; "I'll take your money only on one condition."

"You'll take my money!" echoed Luane—"my poor little fifty dollars!" Luane's face shone with a profound joy. "Your aunt left her money where it belonged, Mr. Erism. I have just heard you declared her sole surviving heir."

Gerald remained stunned and bewildered.

"Where is the codicil?" he cried to the lawyer, who stood at the door. "My aunt left her money to Miss Williams. She told me so when she was dying!"

"Oh, that was when you bought that horse! I was afraid there would be trouble then, but, bless your soul! she got all over that."

"And the money is mine?" cried Gerald.

"Of course it's yours;" and the lawyer went down the stairs chuckling at his incredulity.

Then Gerald held out his hands to Luane.

"I was going to be magnanimous enough to marry you despite your money," he said; "now there is no obstacle to our happiness. Come, my sweet Luane, and bless the life you have given me!"

Luane became his wife. Mrs. Grundy said that he married her to spite Emily Thorpe. The lawyer chuckled still more, and thought of the codicil. But we know that it was for love, and for love alone.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE *American Sportsman* of October 17 gives an interesting account of a visit to the Pueblo Indians of Taos, wherein the author describes one of their council chambers, or "estufas," as follows: "We were very curious to enter their council chambers, in which the same fire is kept constantly burning for MONTEZUMA; but it was only after a great deal of persuasion, backed up by a promise of 'cuatros reales' that the 'Capitan de la Guerra' consented to show us the one belonging to him by virtue of his office. We descended by a long ladder to the chamber, which is under-ground, and found ourselves in a beehive-shaped room with an arched ceiling. All around the wall was a mud bench, and in the centre was a shallow pit containing ashes, with fire underneath. Just behind the fire-place was an altar, shaped like the upper part of a cross, and built of mud. The entrance to this curious room is defended by a sort of stockade, open at one side, the passage being just large enough to permit a person to pass. When councils are held this post is occupied by a sentinel to prevent the entrance of the profane. Our friend, the war chief, said he let us in because we were Americans, but that no Mexican should ever enter. In all, we found five or six of these estufas in the village, belonging to the different head men, and used by them as council chambers."

The government of New Zealand, it is said, is about taking measures for renewing the shipment of salmon to that country for stocking its rivers, the experiments of 1872 not having proved very successful. Of the 120,000 eggs shipped at that time only 135 fish are believed to be still alive.

It is quite surprising that this government has not turned its attention to California as a source of supply, instead of procuring them from Great Britain. The interval of time in the passage is very much less, and with the same general precautions of an abundant use of ice, there can be no question of a successful experiment. There is every probability, too, that a species belonging to the Pacific Ocean will answer better than one from the Atlantic, the physical character of the waters and of temperature in California being more nearly like those of New Zealand than those of England.

The most noticeable features of the "International Congress of Orientalists" were the opening addresses of Sir WALTER ELLIOT before the Turanian Section, of Professor MAX MÜLLER before the Aryan Section, of Mr. GRANT DUFF before the Archæological Section, and of Professor OWEN before the Ethnological Section, and the papers of Herr BRUGSCH BEY before the Hamitic Section, on the "Exodus of the Israelites," and of Professors OPPERT and SCHRADER before the Semitic Section, on the Sumerian or Accad, the language of ancient Chaldea. Mr. GRANT DUFF, alluding to General CUNNINGHAM's archæological survey of India, quotes his division of her remains as follows:

HINDOO STYLE.

1. Archaic, from B.C. 1000 to 250.
2. Indo-Grecian, from B.C. 250 to 57.
3. Indo-Scythian, from B.C. 57 to A.D. 319.
4. Indo-Sassanian, from A.D. 319 to 700.
5. Mediæval Brahminic, from A.D. 700 to 1200.
6. Modern Brahminic, from A.D. 1200 to 1750.

MOHAMMEDAN STYLE.

1. Ghori-Pathan, with overlapping arches, A.D. 1191 to 1289.
2. Khilji-Pathan, with horseshoe arches, A.D. 1289 to 1321.
3. Tughlak-Pathan, with sloping walls, A.D. 1321 to 1450.
4. Afghan, with perpendicular walls, A.D. 1450 to 1555.
5. Bengali-Pathan, A.D. 1200 to 1500.
6. Jaunpori-Pathan, A.D. 1400 to 1500.
7. Early Mughal, A.D. 1556 to 1628.
8. Late Mughal, A.D. 1628 to 1750.

The Academy of Science of St. Louis has lately made an investigation of a series of mounds near Mascoutah, Illinois. The group examined consisted of eight mounds, one large one being in the centre, with the smaller ones surrounding it. The most interesting result was the discovery of an entire human skeleton in a horizontal position, with many more supposed to have been in a kneeling or sitting posture. Some other articles of more or less historical value were met with in the course of the excavation.

We have already briefly alluded to the death of Dr. THOMAS ANDERSON, late Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, and now add some particulars as borrowed from *Nature*. He was born in 1819, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh. After graduating, he studied for some time under BERZELIUS at Stockholm, and afterward went to Giessen and studied under LIEBIG. He taught chemistry for a time in the Medical School at Edinburgh, and became consulting chemist to the Highland Agricultural Society. In 1852 he succeeded Dr. THOMAS THOMSON as Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, in which he continued until 1869, when he was incapacitated for further work by paralysis.

Dr. ANDERSON was the author of several papers on the organic bases, especially those obtained from opium and coal-tar, and in a paper on the "Chemistry of Opium" he gave what he considered a valuable method of extracting the alkaloids of opium and determining their relative qualities.

The second part of the second series of the great work of Mr. WILLIAM H. EDWARDS on the butterflies of North America has lately been published by Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON. This, like its predecessors, is embellished by numerous most excellent plates of butterflies, which in the present instance are five in number, representing species of *Papilio, Colias, Argynnis, Grapta*, and *Chrysophanus*. The argynnis (*A. rhodope*) was described by Mr. EDWARDS during 1874 from specimens collected by the late GEORGE R. CROTCH near Fraser River.

In the "Report of the Forty-third Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science," page 482, is the "Report of a Committee, consisting of Colonel LANE FOX, Dr. BEDDOE, Mr. FRANKS, Mr. FRANCIS GALTON, Mr. E. W. BRABROOK, Sir J. LUBBOCK, Bart., Sir WALTER ELLIOT, Mr. CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, and Mr. E. B. TYLOR, appointed for the purpose of preparing and publishing brief forms of instruction for travelers, ethnologists, and other anthropological observers, drawn up by Colonel A. H. LANE FOX." Shortly after the appointment of the committee a volume of instructions was prepared in haste for the parties of Lieutenant W. J. GRANDY, R.N., and of Lieutenant CAMERON, about to start in search of Dr. LIVINGSTONE. The haste with which this was prepared necessitated a later and more substantial work, which is to be divided into three parts, Part I. relating to the constitution of man, Part II. to culture, and Part III. to miscellaneous questions of anthropology. There are to be one hundred sections, and the work will be entitled *Notes and Queries on Anthropology for the Use of Travelers and Residents in Uncivilized Lands.*

M. DARESTE has communicated to the Academy of Sciences of Paris a monograph upon the anguilliform fish, and especially the genera *Anguilla, Conger, Myrus, Murænesox*, and *Nettastoma*, which he finds to possess comparatively few of the anomalies observed in the subjects of a previous memoir on the *Symbranchidæ*. In *Anguilla*, to which the common eel belongs, he finds evidence of the existence of only four species. One of these, the *A. vulgaris*, is found throughout the whole northern hemisphere, both in the New and the Old World, exhibiting certain variations, it is true, but none of a specific value.

The other species, which he considers as belonging to this genus, are the *A. marmorata* and the *A. mowa* of the Indian seas, and the *A. megalostoma* of Oceanica.

Of the genus *Conger* he allows but four species, namely, the *C. vulgaris, balearicus, mystax*, and *acutidens*, the first two of which he regards as cosmopolite, and found simultaneously in almost all waters.

The variations in the external appearance of the true eel he thinks are produced in large measure by peculiarities of the ossification of the bones. In some the bones are in a cartilaginous or rachitic state, from which results a shortening of the jaws, or other deformations that produce a special impression upon the external appearance of the animal. Other variations are produced in both the conger and the true eel by the extent of albinism or melanism, special features appearing in each.

The tin-bearing country in New South Wales, of which so much was said a few years ago, still continues to be noteworthy for the extent and value of the take of this valuable metal. The quantity raised in Inversall, which is but a small portion of the region where the metal occurs, amounted to about 800 tons during the past year. The principal mines are on Coke's Creek, Middle Creek, and MacIntyre River. The rocks are granite, greenstone trap, carboniferous beds, miocene, pliocene, quaternary, the latter including drift deposits. The stream tin is found in the drift as well as in the miocene, and valuable veins of tin ore occur in granite which is believed to be of upper carboniferous age.

According to *The Academy*, Damascus has suffered quite severely by the success of the Suez Canal, through the loss of a large amount of trade that was formerly carried on with the Moslem pilgrims who halted there to recruit their strength and to obtain stores for the perilous passage across the desert.

Petroleum springs have lately been discovered in considerable quantity on the Lüneburg Heaths, in Northern Germany. The oil, in clearness, purity, and specific weight, is said to be identical with the American rock-oils, and it is almost without smell of any kind.

A large number of valuable papers that had been charred apparently to a homogeneous mass during the Communist rule in Paris have been deciphered by RATHELOT. He first severed the leaves by cutting the backs of the books and immersing the mass in water, then subjected it to a tolerably high temperature in a hot-air stove. The leaves, thus loosened from each other by the rapid vaporization of the water, were with great care separated, and were immediately transcribed, the writing being quite legible, as the letters appeared dull upon the glistening black surface of the paper.

Although barnacles attached to floating objects are known to be transported to great distances, thus far no case of such transportation out of water has been recorded. During the recent cruise of the Italian frigate *Magenta*, however, several specimens of a stormy petrel, *Priofinus cinereus*, were shot in the southern portions of the Atlantic and Indian oceans, with numerous fragments of a species of barnacle attached to the abdominal feathers. It is supposable, therefore, that the larvæ attached themselves to these birds, which swim along the surface of the water, and dive after their food, instead of fixing themselves on inanimate objects, and that they are thus also, most probably, best preserved from the attacks of other marine animals. Upon closer investigation the very interesting and unexpected discovery was made by Professor TOZZETTI, that these barnacles are of a new genus, characterized by a provision for the retention of moisture, without which it would be impossible for them to survive so long a removal from the water.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AFTER dinner one day, at a Liverpool *table d'hôte*, a young man was relating how he had miraculously escaped from a fearful shipwreck. "Yes," said he, "fifteen of my friends were on board. The vessel went down, and they were all lost." "But how," asked a listener, whose interest was painfully excited, "did you manage to escape?" "Oh," was the calm reply, "I was on board another vessel."

"I come to steel," as the rat said to the trap. "And I spring to embrace you," as the trap replied to the rat.

When is a wife like a great-coat?—When her husband is wrapped up in her.

A lecturer aptly demonstrated the theory that heat generates motion by pointing to a boy who accidentally sat down on a piece of lighted punk.

To make a penny go a great way, draw it out into 5700 feet of wire, as was lately done in Scotland.

"What makes you look so glum, Tom?" "Oh, I had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet with her mother looking on."

"What you been a-doin'?" asked a boy of his playmate, whom he saw coming out of the house with tears in his eyes. "I've been a-chasin' a birch rod round my father," was the snarling reply.

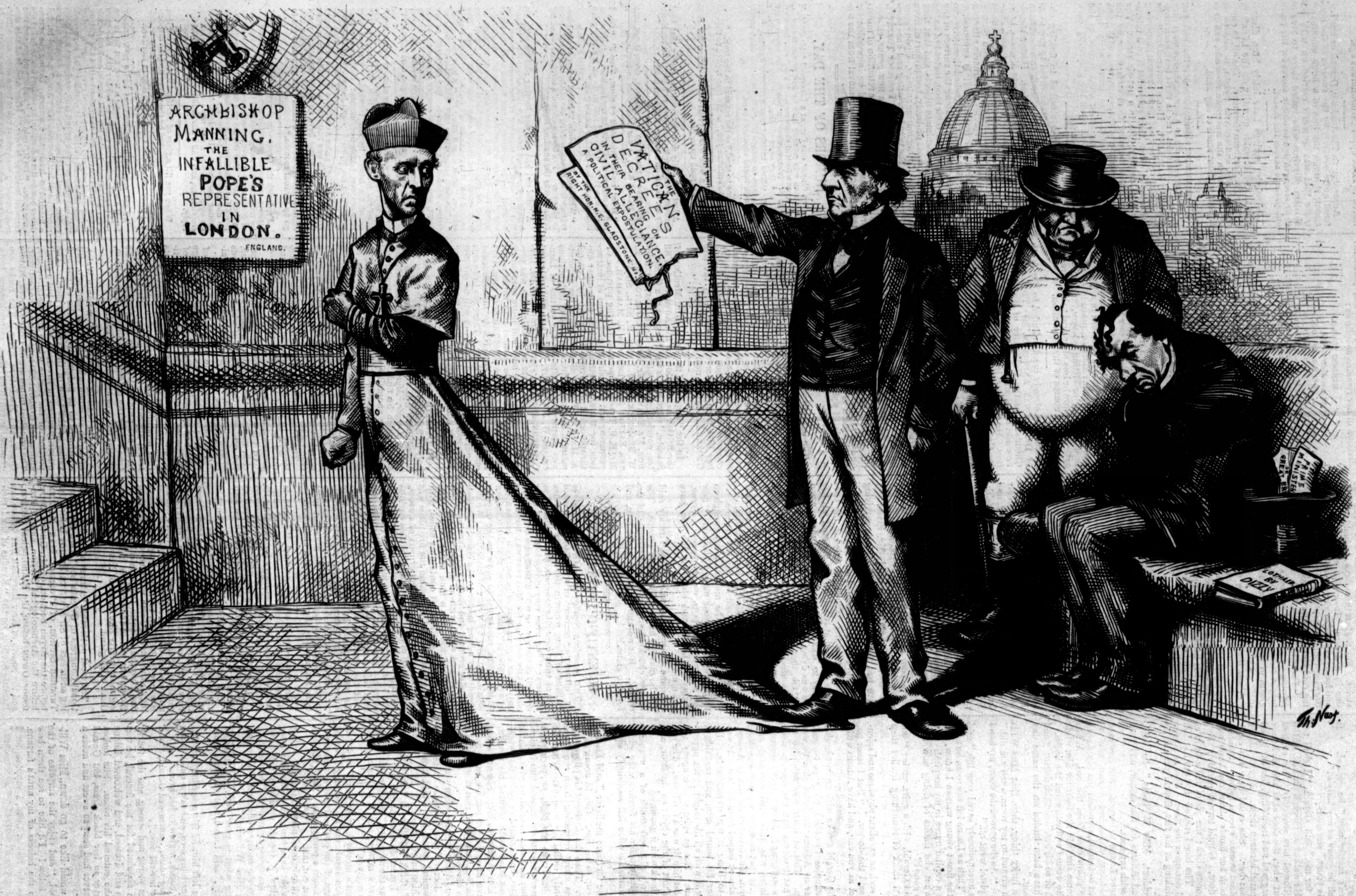
A little girl had seen her brother playing with his burning-glass, and heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing the meaning of the word "focus," she referred to the dictionary, and found that the focus was "the place where the rays meet." At dinner, when the family was assembled, she announced, as grand as could be, that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was. She replied that it was the word "focus." "Well, Mary," said he, "what does it mean?" "Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves." This, of course, caused a great laugh. But she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right. "There," said she, triumphantly. "'Focus—a place where the rays meet;' and if they raise meat, they raise calves. And so I am right, ain't I, father?"

"You don't seem to have any aim—any ambition," said that celebrated Detroit judge. "Yes, I have," replied the prisoner. "Where is it, Sir, where is it?" asked his honor, leaning forward. "Did you ever hear of Cicero taking free lunches? Did you ever hear that Plato gamboled through the alleys of Athens? Tell me, Sir, did you ever hear any one say that Demosthenes slept under a coal shed or on a bale of hay? If you wanted to be a Plato there would be fire in your eye, your hair would have an intellectual cut, you'd step into a clean shirt, and you'd hire a mowing machine to pare those finger-nails. Sir, you have got to go up for four months."

Frederick the Great was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated his discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day he was more than usually disposed for an argument, and asked one of his suit why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, sire, to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such thick boots," was the reply.

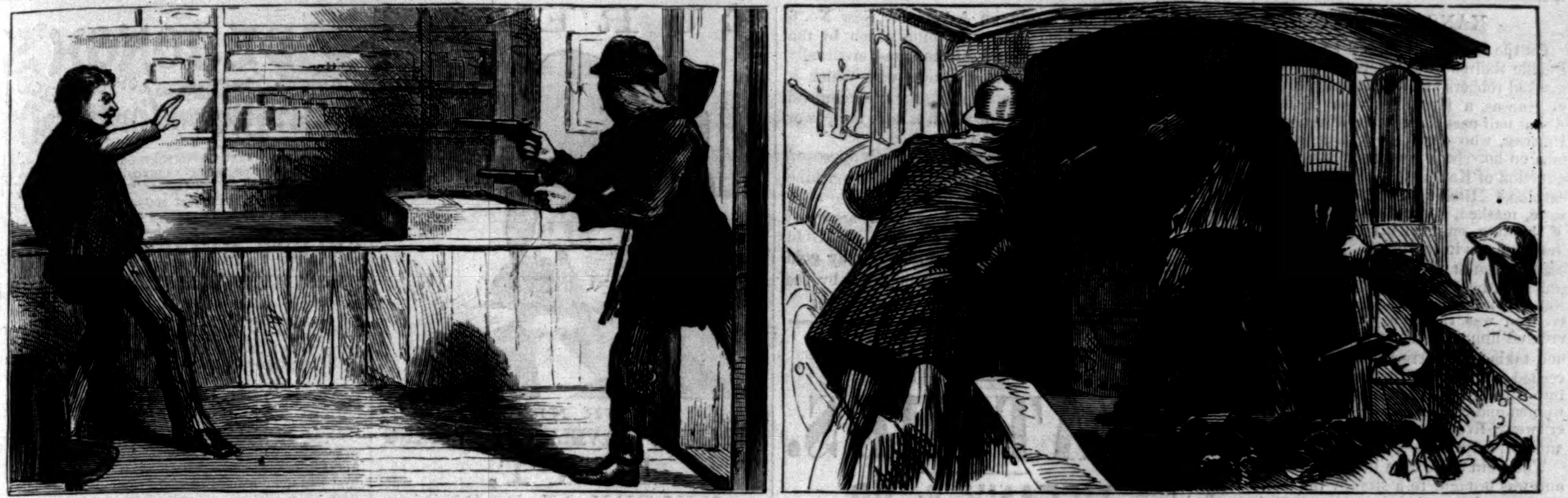
When you lift a glass of Hartford water to your lips your eyes are astonished by the waves that the disporting animal life causes upon the surface of the liquid. Yet there are earnest temperance men in Hartford.

An old man up in Connecticut had a poor cranky bit of a wife who regularly once a week got up in the night and invited the family to see her die. She gave away her things, spoke her last words, and made her peace with Heaven, and then about eight she got up in her usual way and disappointed every body by going at her household duties as if nothing had happened. The old man got sick of it finally, and went and got a coffin, a real nice cashmere shroud, a wreath of immortelles with "Farewell, Mary Ann," worked in, and a handful of silver-plated screws. Laying the screwdriver beside the collection, he invited her to holler die once more. "Do it," said he, "and in you go, and this farewell business is over." Mary Ann is at this moment cooking buckwheat cakes for a large and admiring family, while they dry apples in the coffin up in the garret.


ARCHBISHOP MANNING, THE INFALLIBLE POPE'S REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON. ENGLAND.
THE VATICAN DECREES IN THEIR BEARING ON CIVIL ALLEGIANCE. A POLITICAL EXPOSTULATION. BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE M.P.
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BR
LOTHAIR. BY DIZZY
Th. Nast.

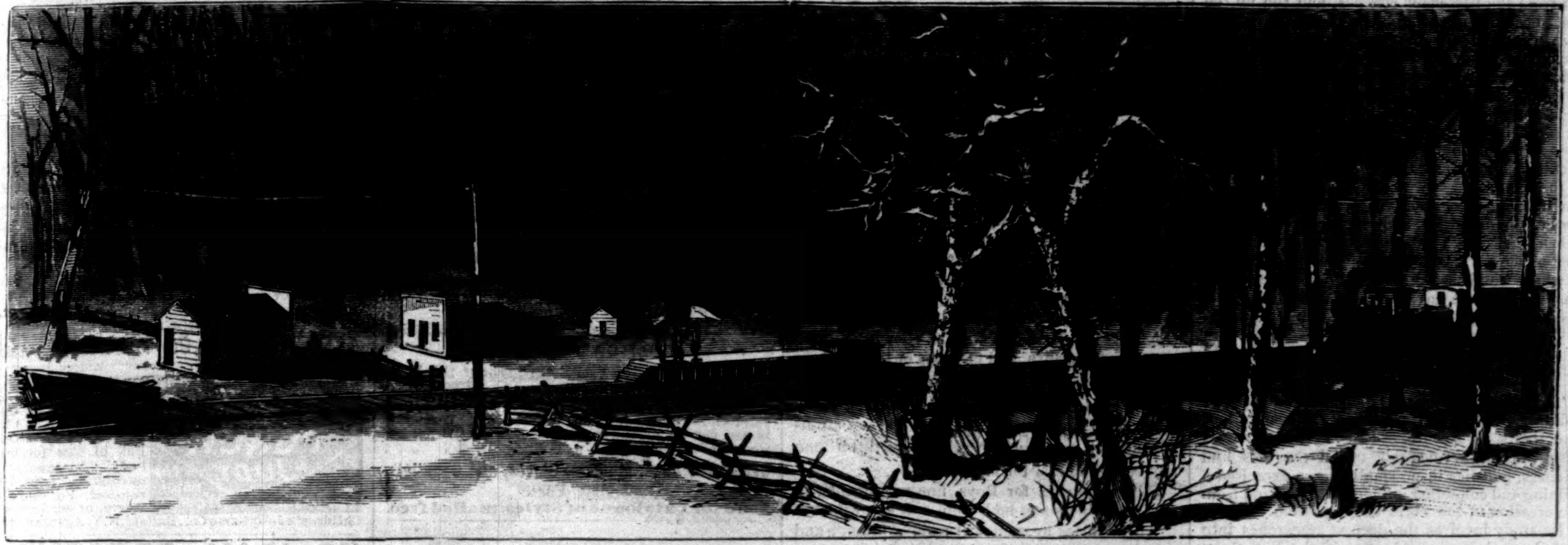
THE OUTS ALWAYS WAKE UP THE INS.—[SEE PAGE 10.]

"A former Minister (of Great Britain) whom I had believed rather moderate, and who, to say the truth, had never while in office manifested arrogance or violence toward the Catholic Church, intoxicated by the proceedings of another Minister in another State, has suddenly come forward like a Viper, assailing the Bark of St. Peter."—ADDRESS OF THE POPE, ROME, *November* 10, 1874.

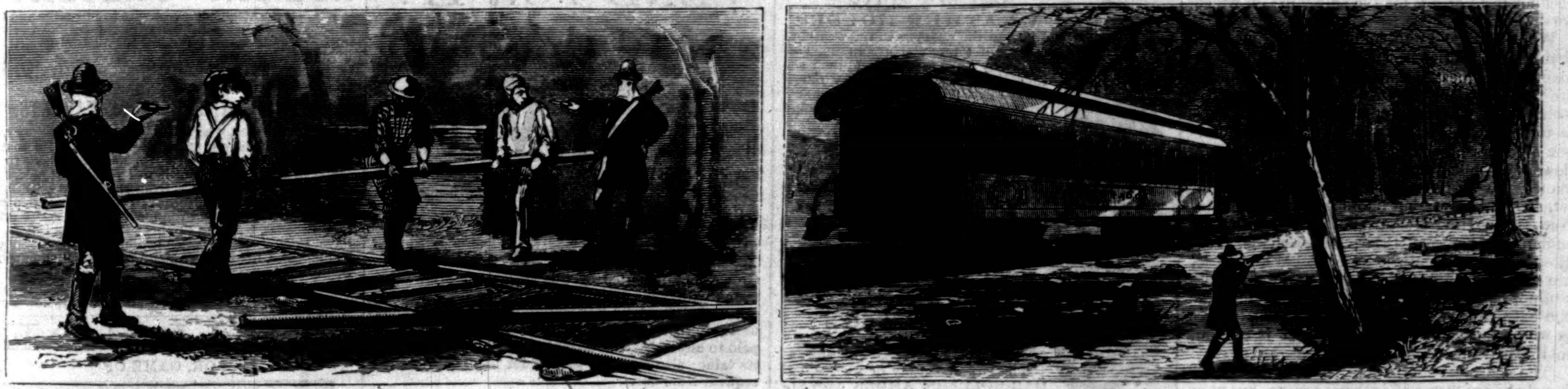


ROBBERY OF PURTEE'S STORE.

THE ENGINEER INTERVIEWED.



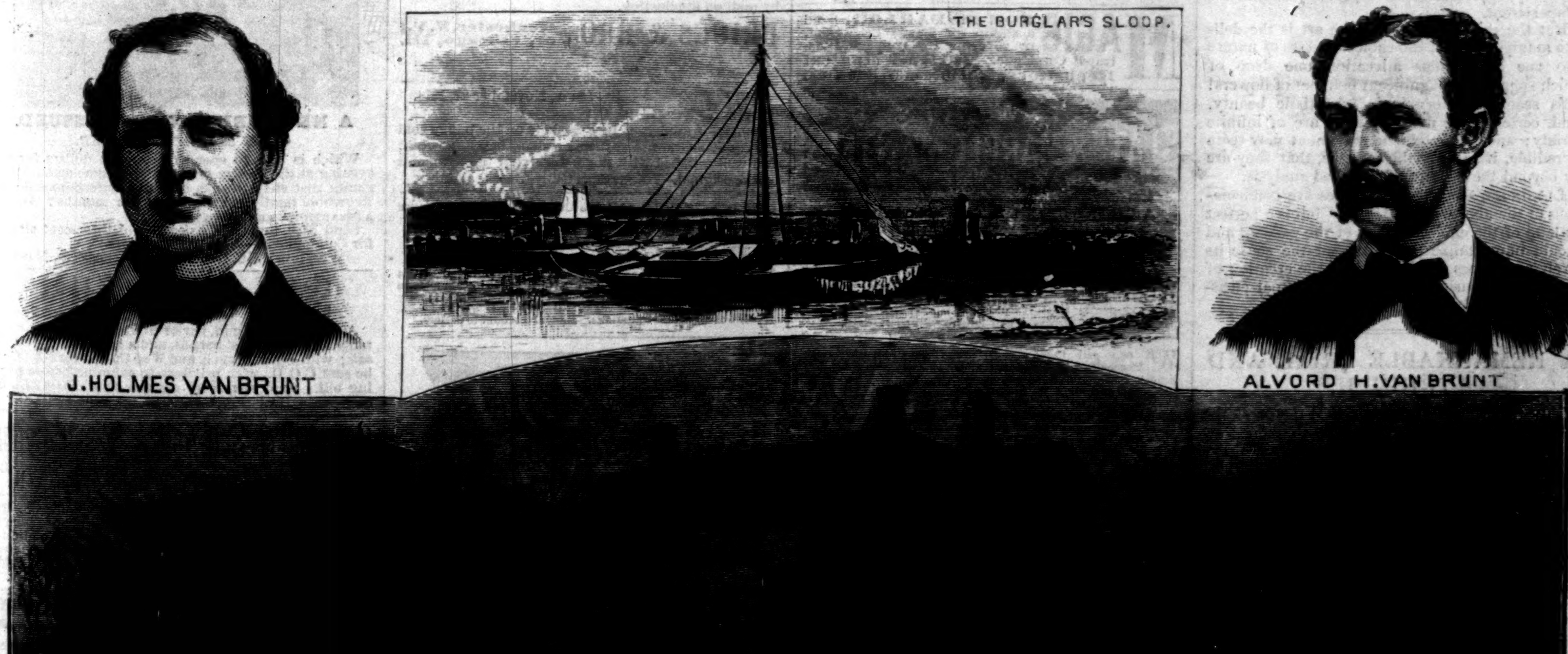
MUNCIE SIDING—BRIGANDS COMPEL THE STORE-KEEPER TO FLAG THE TRAIN.



SECTION MEN FORCED TO OBSTRUCT THE TRACK.

THE CONDUCTOR UNDER FIRE.

KANSAS BRIGANDS—ROBBERY OF A RAILROAD TRAIN AT MUNCIE SIDING.—From Sketches by L. T. Stanley.—[See Page 14.]


J. HOLMES VAN BRUNT
THE BURGLAR'S SLOOP.
ALVORD H. VAN BRUNT

THE BAY RIDGE ROBBERS—THE THIEVES FIRING ON MR. VAN BRUNT.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 6.]

KANSAS BRIGANDS.

ON the 8th ult. an express train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad was stopped and robbed by five masked robbers at a small station called Muncie, in Kansas, a few miles west of Kansas City. About half past three in the afternoon Mr. JOHN PURTEE, who owns the village store, saw five men on horseback coming up the track from the direction of Kansas City, each carrying a rifle or carbine. Hitching their horses, they entered the store, masked, silenced Mr. PURTEE by threats of shooting, emptied his till, and demanded all the fire-arms in the place. They compelled the section men at work there to block the road, and ordered Mr. PURTEE to flag the train. While waiting for its arrival they captured a young farmer, who was riding a rather good mare, and ordered him to dismount. The mare they kept, and taking the sorriest horse of their own, proceeded to shoot it, firing some eight or ten shots into it before it fell down. A wagon containing women and children was also captured, altogether twenty-five persons being guarded by five bold and desperate men.

The train came up a little before four o'clock, and was brought to a stop by the flag. One of the brigands boarded the engine, and compelled the engineer to uncouple the engine and express car from the passenger coaches, and run up the line to where it was blocked. Two of the ruffians then captured the express messenger, and by threatening him with instant death persuaded him to unlock the treasure chest, from which they took $25,000 in greenbacks, $4000 in gold-dust, and some valuable papers. While this was going on some lively firing took place at the conductor, Mr. BRINKENHOFF, who was making his way back to flag a freight train following in the rear of the express. He was brought to uninjured, but upon learning that his errand was one of mercy, the brigands allowed him to proceed. When their work was finished they made off. One of the perpetrators of this daring outrage, of which we give several illustrations on page 13, was captured the day afterward in Kansas City, and the money and jewelry found on him identified.

THE ART OF PERFUMERY.

THE art of perfumery is germane to those of painting, music, and poetry. Its inspiration, like theirs, is Nature. It is, likewise, coeval with the most venerable of all the arts and sciences, and has in no small degree exercised a refining and ennobling influence on mankind from the creation of the world to the present time.

Its study involves the deepest researches into anthology, botany, and chemistry; but these auxiliary attainments are nugatory without a peculiar taste or gift for the subtle art on which we dwell.

What can be more intangible or fugacious than the exhalations of flowers? And, indeed, many of the finest perfumes made by LUNDBORG are reproduced in the form of an extract by the wondrous co-operation of the mind with the olfactories. Chiefly this. It is true that a number of odors are extracted from the petals of flowers by enfleurage and distillation, as, for instance, the Jasmin, Rose, Orange Flower, Violet, and Tuberose; but odors such as Magnolia, New-Mown Hay, Heliotrope, Mignonnette, Arcadian-Pink, Sweet-Briar, Honeysuckle, Tea-Rose, Moss-Rose, Musk-Rose, and White-Rose, are either impossible of extraction or the flowers can not be cultivated in such manner as to make the extraction of their odors profitable. Here is where the genius of the perfumer is evoked, and displays its singular power and resources.

The consideration of the "lilies of the field" is a charming theme of æsthetic beauty, but none the less pleasurable to the imagination is the contemplation of those flowery similitudes that may be always possessed and enjoyed, pristine and sempervirent.

But the crowning glory of the art is the delicate manipulation of the choicest odors of nature into one harmonious allocation, one drop of which suggests a magnificent bouquet of flowers! This seems the very acme of artistic beauty. And, certes, these manipulations are of infinite variety; and, although the statement may seem incredible, it is nevertheless true, that they are far beyond the domain of chemical analysis.

LUNDBORG's bouquet perfumes are confirmations of the above. His Jockey Club is a perfect garland of the choicest gems of the garden, and should immortalize the genius of the sense its lovely prototypes quickened into the creation of a thing of enduring beauty and perennial pleasure.—*Academician.*

A REMARKABLE TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

THE triumph of WHEELER & WILSON, at the American Institute, New York, with their New No. 6 Sewing-machine, was remarkable in many respects. A powerful influence was brought to bear against a favorable award. Additional judges were appointed of known proclivities for other machines. Extraordinary and repeated examinations were made, one lasting from 10 o'clock A.M. until 6 o'clock P.M. The parts of six machines were ordered from the manufactory, and a machine was constructed of parts selected by the judges, which was then tested on all kinds of work, from gauze to heavy harness, by foot and steam power. The general quality of the Company's workmanship was ascertained by an examination of machines in their warehouses, and the testimony of many disinterested users of the machines, far and near, was procured to ascertain their practical working.

The five judges, in conclusion, unanimously reported the WHEELER & WILSON New No. 6 Sewing-machine "as a machine which, by the proof submitted, we are satisfied must eventually supersede all others now known with which it comes in competition." And they "recommend for it the highest award which it is in the power of the Institute to bestow."

The Board of Managers unanimously approved the report, and recommended for this machine the Gold Medal of the Institute.

The Board of Direction unanimously approved this recommendation and awarded the Gold Medal to WHEELER & WILSON, the only gold medal awarded for a sewing-machine by the American Institute for many years.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WATCHES.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Union Square, N. Y.,

Having completed their factory at Place Cornavin, Geneva, Switzerland, are now receiving full lines of Watches of their own manufacture.

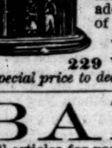
In addition to their Stem-winding Standard Watch for gentlemen, they offer a full assortment of complicated Watches.

CHRONOGRAPHS marking fifth seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split and independent seconds,
REPEATERS striking hours and 5 minutes,
REPEATERS striking hours and minutes,
SELF-ACTING REPEATERS striking hours and quarters,
CALENDAR WATCHES showing day of the week, month, and changes of the moon.

Their Watches for Ladies are of the same system as their standard Watch, are thoroughly adjusted to temperature and position, are stronger, and of much higher grade and finish than any before offered for ladies' use.

Silver Watches for Boys, fine movements, in very desirable sizes, both stem and key winders.

All inquiries by mail will receive prompt and comprehensive replies.



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Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by

ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
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Special price to dealers.

BABIES.

All articles for young children. Ask to see the new shirred Velvet Bonnet.

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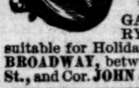

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MAGIC FOR the PARLOR. Send a stamp for 8-page Price-List, or 25 cents for 120-page Illustrated Catalogue. **HARTZ Magical Repository, 850** Broadway, New York.

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SLATE & MARBLE MANTELS
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WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. Dose 40 drops. For sale by all druggists.

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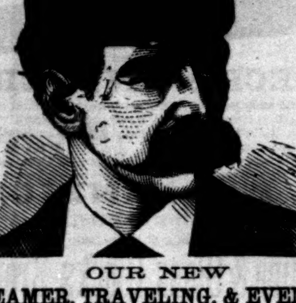

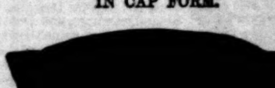

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MULTUM IN PARVO.

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LOVEJOY'S NEW STYLE GLASS CUTTER AND PUTTY KNIFE

Will cut glass better than a diamond. A child can use it. It is worth more than its cost if only used once. Sent to your address in a neat box, prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp, by ALVAN L. LOVEJOY, 229 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. Beware of worthless imitations. Liberal discount to dealers.

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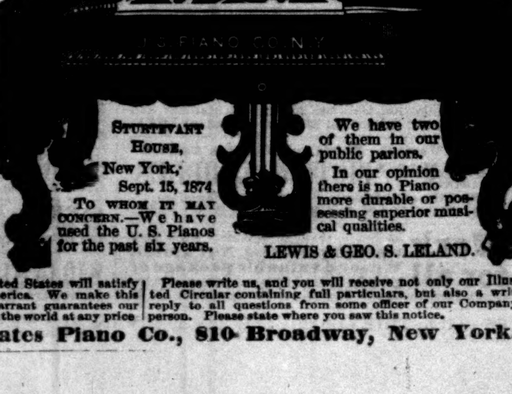

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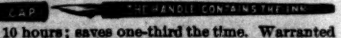

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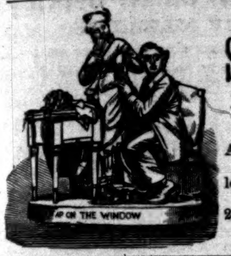

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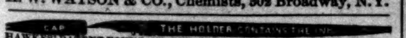
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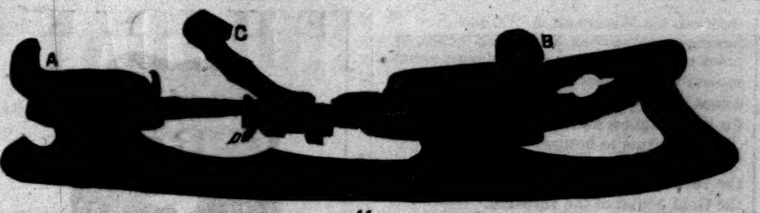

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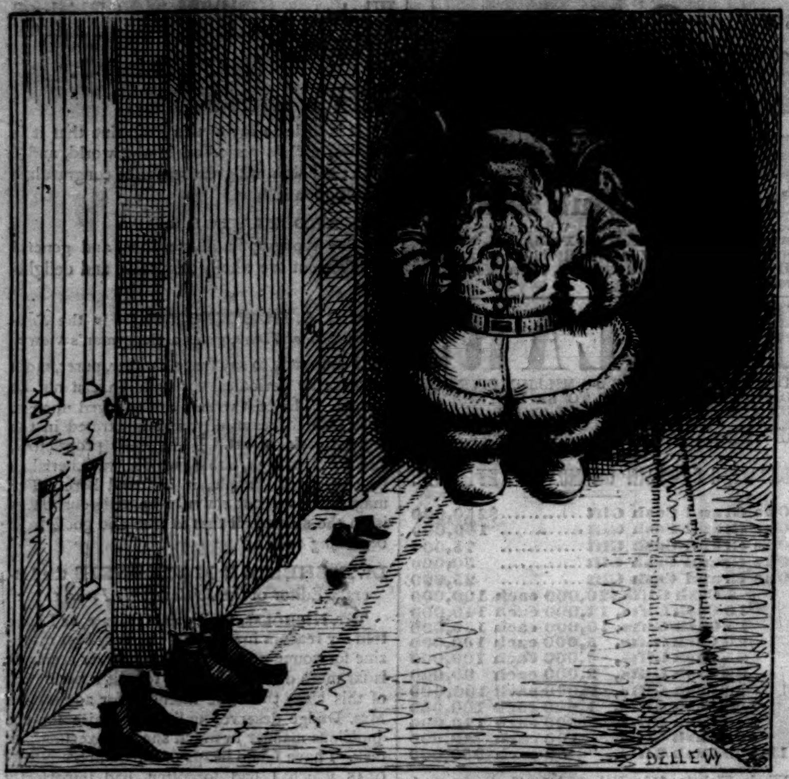

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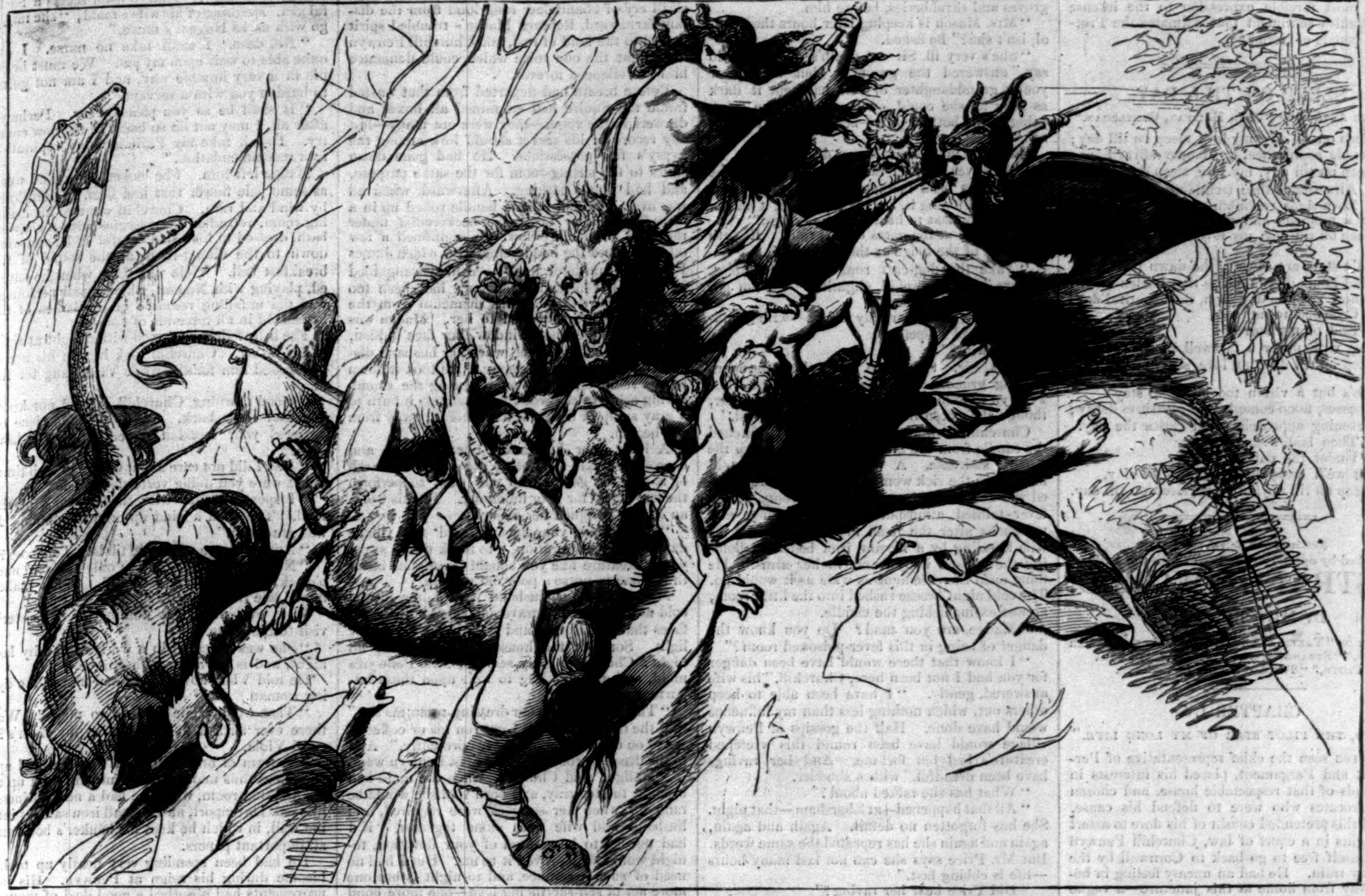


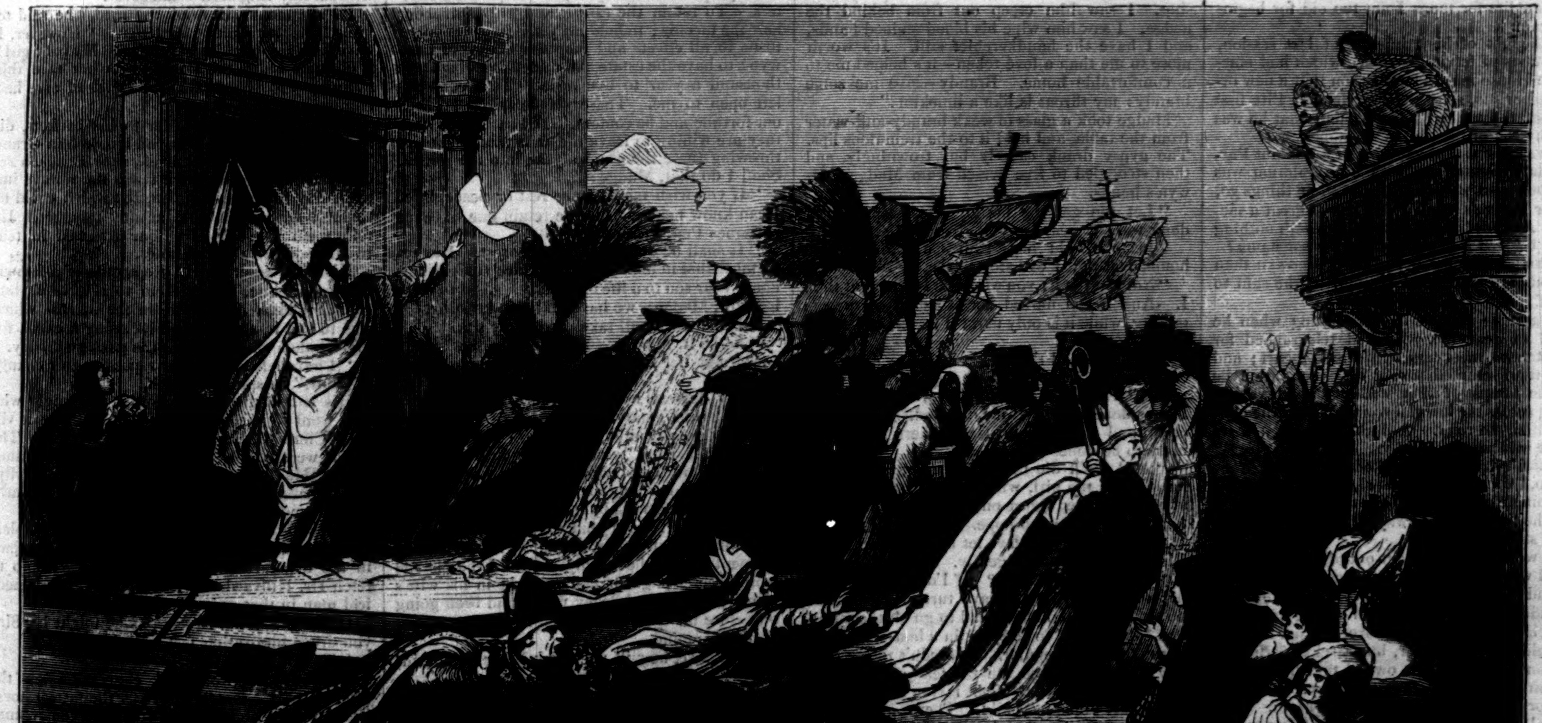
THE COMBAT WITH LIONS.—[FROM A SERIES OF PICTURES ILLUSTRATING THE DELUGE, BY WILHELM VON KAULBACH.]

WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

THIS celebrated German painter, engravings from two of whose pictures are given on this page, was born in 1805, and studied at the Düsseldorf Academy under **CORNELIUS**, by whose influence he was called to Munich in 1825, where he executed six allegorical frescos in the arcade surrounding the royal garden, as well as "Apollo and the Muses" in the Odéon. In 1829 he finished his celebrated work, the "Mad-House," the literal truth and power of which established him at once in the front rank of German artists. He was employed in the decoration of the new palace, where he painted several rooms in fresco with subjects selected from the works of **KLOPSTOCK** and **GOETHE**, and was engaged at the same time on his celebrated "Battle of the Huns," which he completed in 1837. **KAULBACH** studied **HOGARTH** very carefully, and his illustrations to **SCHILLER**'s *Criminal from Lost Honor* and **GOETHE**'s *Faust* are in the style of that master, while his skill as an animal painter is exemplified in his designs for *Reynard the Fox*. He illustrated a folio edition of the Gospels, and the works of **SHAKSPEARE**, and many of his works have been engraved. He was correspondent of the French Institute, Director of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, promoted to the rank of officer in 1867, received various orders, and was a member of many learned societies. **KAULBACH** died at Munich on the 7th of April, 1874.

Of the pictures given on this page the upper one represents a wild scene which the imagination may easily conceive to have taken place during the great Deluge. A party of men and women have taken refuge from the advancing waters on the very summit of a lofty mountain, the possession of which is disputed by maddened beasts. The despairing energy with which all fight for what may be the only place of safety from the rising flood, which already submerges the plains and lower peaks, is depicted with great force.

The other engraving is from an allegorical picture representing the dispersion of a Papal Council at Rome. The Pope, his cardinals, and other dignitaries of the Romish Church are driven out as the corrupt money-changers were driven from the sacred precincts of the Temple



CHRIST DISPERSING A PAPAL COUNCIL.—[FROM AN ALLEGORICAL PAINTING BY WILHELM VON KAULBACH.]

at Jerusalem. In this picture KAULBACH has given most forcible expression to the intense anti-Romish sentiment that animates the Protestant people of Germany.

SLEEP ON TILL DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

OH, sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day;
No trouble assail thee, no danger affray!
Oh, sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.
Airs round thee trembling,
Love-sighs resembling,
Linger a moment, and vanish away.
Oh, sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.

The pale stars are setting, the dawn rises gray,
The kind hours they laugh as they hasten away:
They know 'twill be day soon, the beautiful day!
Crownéd to-morrow,
End of my sorrow!
Meeting, with never a farewell to say;
Oh, sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.

Yet life's but a vision too lovely to stay:
Morn passes, noon cometh, and pleasures decay;
Soon evening approaches and closes the day.
Then laid with praises
Under the daisies,
Smiling we'll creep to one pillow of clay,
And sleep on till day, my love, sleep on till day.

(Continued from No. 939, page 1071.)

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

"ENID, THE PILOT STAR OF MY LONE LIFE."

HAVING seen the chief representative of Pergament and Pergament, placed his interests in the hands of that respectable house, and chosen the advocates who were to defend his cause, should this pretended cousin of his dare to assert her rights in a court of law, Churchill Penwyn felt himself free to go back to Cornwall by the mid-day train. He had an uneasy feeling in being away from home at this juncture—a vague sense of impending peril on all sides—a passionate desire to be near his wife and child.

He had ample time for thought during that long journey westward; time to contemplate his position in all its bearings, to wonder whether his wisdom might not, after all, be folly beside Madge's clear-sighted sense of right.

"She spoke the bitter truth," he thought. "Wealth and estate have not brought me happiness. They have gratified my self-esteem, satisfied my ambition, but they have not given me restful nights or peaceful dreams. Would it be better for me to please Madge, throw up the sponge, and go to the other end of the world, to begin life afresh, far, even, from the memory of the past?"

"No," he told himself, after a pause. "There is no new life for me. I am too old for beginning again."

He thought of his triumphs of last session, those bursts of fervid eloquence which had startled the House into the admission that a new orator had arisen, as when the younger Pitt first demonstrated to the doubtful senate that he was a worthy son of the great Commoner.

He was just at the beginning of a brilliant Parliamentary career, and with him ambition was an all-powerful passion. To let these things go, even for Madge's sake, would be too great a sacrifice. And his boy—was he to bequeath nothing to that beloved son, neither fortune nor name?

"I could more easily surrender Penwyn than my chances of personal distinction," he said to himself.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when he arrived at Seacomb. He had telegraphed for his groom to meet him with the dog-cart; and as the train steamed slowly into the station he saw the lamps of that well-appointed vehicle shining across the low rail which divided the platform from the road. A dark night for a drive by that wild moorland way.

"Shall I drive, Sir?" asked the groom.

"No," Churchill answered, shortly; and the next minute they were flying through the darkness, the light vehicle swaying from side to side on the stony road.

"It would be a short-cut out of all my difficulties if I were to come to grief somewhere between this and the Manor-house," thought Churchill. "A sudden fall upon a heap of stones, a splintered skull, an inquest, and all over. Poor Madge! It would be bad for her, but a relief perhaps—who can tell? She has owned that her life has been bitterness since that fatal day. Her very love for me is a kind of martyrdom. Poor Madge! If it were not a cowardly thing to give up all at the first alarm, I verily believe I could bring myself to turn my back upon Penwyn Manor, and take my wife and child out to Sydney, and try my luck as a barrister in a colonial court. For her sake—for her sake! Would not the humblest life be happiness with her?"

Things seemed to take a new shape to him during that swift homeward drive. He passed the shadowy plantations—the trees of his planting—bowled smoothly along the well-made road that crossed his own estate, and thought with a curious wonder how little actual happiness his possessions had given him—how small a matter it would be, after all, to lose them.

The lighted windows of the north lodge shone out upon him as he mounted the crest of the last hill, and saw Manor-house and gardens, pine groves and shrubberies, before him.

"Mrs. Mason is keeping later hours than usual, isn't she?" he asked.

"She's very ill, Sir—at death's door, they do say," answered the groom; "but that queer young granddaughter of hers has kept it dark as long as she could, on account of the drink being at the bottom of it—begging your pardon, Sir."

"Do you mean that Mason drinks?"

"Well, yes, Sir, on the quiet; I believe she have always been inclined that way. Excuse me for mentioning it, Sir; but, you see, a master is always the last to hear of these things."

They were at the gates by this time. Elspeth came out of the lodge as they drove up.

"Take the dog-cart round to the stables, Hunter," said Churchill, alighting. "I am going in to see Mrs. Mason."

"Oh, Sir, your dear lady is here—with grandmother," said Elspeth.

"My wife?"

"Yes, Sir. She came down this afternoon, hearing grandmother was so bad. And Mrs. Penwyn wouldn't have any one else to nurse her, though she's been raving and going on awful."

Churchill answered not a word, but snatched the candle from the girl's hand, and went up the narrow staircase. A wild, hoarse scream told him where the sick woman was lying. He opened the door, and there, in a close room, whose fever-tainted atmosphere seemed stifling and poisonous after the fresh night air, he saw his wife kneeling by a narrow iron bedstead, holding the gypsy's bony frame in her arms. He flung open the casement as wide as it would go. The cold night breeze rushed into the little room, almost extinguishing the candle.

"Madge, are you mad? Do you know the danger of being in this fever-poisoned room?"

"I know that there would have been danger for you had I not been here, Churchill," his wife answered, gently. "I have been able to keep others out, which nothing less than my influence would have done. Half the gossips of Penwyn village would have been round this wretched creature's bed but for me. And her ravings have been dreadful," with a shudder.

"What has she talked about?"

"All that happened—at Eborsham—that night. She has forgotten no detail. Again and again, again and again she has repeated the same words. But Mr. Price says she can not last many hours—life is ebbing fast."

"Did Price hear her raving?"

"Not much. She was quieter while he was here, and I was trying to engage his attention, to prevent his taking much notice of her wild talk."

"Oh, Madge, Madge, what have you not borne for me? And now you expose yourself to the risk of typhoid fever for my sake."

"There is no risk of typhoid. This poor creature is dying of delirium tremens, Mr. Price assured me. She has lived on brandy for ever so long, and brain and body are alike exhausted."

A wild scream broke from Rebecca's pale lips, and then, with an awful distinctness, Churchill heard her tell the story of his crime.

"Drunk, was I?" cried the gypsy, with a wild laugh. "Not so drunk but I could see—not so drunk but I could hear. I heard him fire the shot. I saw him creep out from behind the hedge. I saw him wipe his blood-stained hands, and I have the handkerchief still. It's worth more to me than a love-token—it's helped me to a comfortable home. Brandy—give me some brandy: my throat is like a limekiln!"

Madge took a glass of weak brandy-and-water from the table, and held it to the tremulous lips. The gypsy drank eagerly but frowningly, and then struggled to free herself from Madge Penwyn's hands.

"Let me get the bottle," she gasped. "I don't want the cat-lap you give me."

"Let me hold her," said Churchill. "Go home, dearest; I will stop to the end."

"No, Churchill; you would be less patient than I. And if you nursed her it would set people talking, while it is only natural for me to be with her."

Elspeth opened the door a little way and peeped in, asking if she could be useful.

"No, Elspeth, there is nothing for you to do. I have done all Mr. Price directed. Go to bed, child, and sleep if you can. There is nothing more to be done."

"And she'll die before the night is out, perhaps," said the girl, with a horror-stricken look at the emaciated figure on the bed. "Mr. Price told me there was no hope."

"You should not have let her drink so much, Elspeth," said Madge, gently.

"How could I help it? If I'd refused to fetch her the brandy, she'd have turned me out-of-doors, and I should have had to go on the tramp, and I'd got used to sleeping in a house, and having my victuals regular. I daredn't refuse to do any thing she asked me for fear of the strap. She wouldn't hesitate about laying in to me."

"Poor unhappy child. There, go to your room and lie down. I will take care of you henceforward, Elspeth."

The girl said not a word, but came gently into the room, and kneeled down by Mrs. Penwyn, and took up the hem of her dress and kissed it, an almost Oriental expression of gratitude and submission.

"I've heard tell about angels, but I never believed in 'em till I came to know you," she said, tearfully, and then left the room.

Rebecca had sunk back upon the pillow exhausted. Madge sat beside her, prepared for the next interval of delirium. Churchill stood by the window looking out at the pine grove and the dark sea behind.

And thus the night wore on, and at daybreak, just when the slate-colored sea looked coldest, and the east wind blew sharp and chill, and the shrill cry of chanticleer rang loud from the distant farm-yard, Rebecca Mason's troubled spirit passed to the land of rest, and Churchill Penwyn knew that the one voice which could denounce him was silenced forever.

Before breath had departed from that wasted frame the Squire had examined all boxes and drawers in the room—they were not many—lest any record of his secret should lurk among the gypsy's few possessions. He had gone down stairs to the sitting-room for the same purpose, and had found nothing. Afterward, when all was over, he found a little bundle rolled up in a worn and greasy bird's-eye neckerchief under the dead woman's pillow. It contained a few odd coins and the handerchief with which James Penwyn's murderer had wiped his ensanguined hand. All Churchill's influence had been too little to extort this hideous memento from the gypsy while life remained to her. Madge was kneeling by the open window, her face hidden, absorbed in silent prayer, when her husband discovered this hoarded treasure. He took it down to the room below, thrust it among the smouldering ashes of the wood fire, watched it burn to a gray scrap of tinder which fluttered away from the hearth.

A little after daybreak Elspeth was up and dressed, and had sped off to the village in search of a friendly gossip who was wont to perform the last offices for poor humanity. To this woman Madge resigned her charge.

"Lord bless you, ma'am," said the village dame, lost in admiration, "to think that a sweet young creature like you should leave your beautiful home to nurse a poor old woman."

Madge and her husband went home in the cold autumn dawn—grave and silent both—with faces that looked wan and worn in the clear gray light. Some of the household had sat up all night: Churchill's body servant, Mrs. Penwyn's maid, and an underling to wait upon those important personages.

"There is a fire in your dressing-room, ma'am," said the maid. "Shall I get you tea or coffee?"

"You can bring me some tea presently." And to the dressing-room Mr. and Mrs. Penwyn went.

"Madge," said Churchill, when the maid had brought the tea-tray, and been told she would be rang for when her services were required, and husband and wife were alone together, "if I had needed to be assured of your devotion, to-night would have proved it to me. But I had no need of such assurance, and to-night is but one more act of self-sacrificing love—one more bond between us. It shall be as you wish, dearest. I will resign fortune and status, and lead the life you bid me lead. If I sinned for your sake—and I at least believed that I so sinned—I will repent for your sake, and whatever atonement there may be in the sacrifice of this estate, it shall be made."

"Churchill, my own true husband!"

She was on her knees by his side, her head lying against his breast, her eyes looking up at him with love unspeakable.

"Will this sacrifice set your heart at rest, Madge?"

"It will, dear love, for I believe that Heaven will accept your atonement."

"Remember, it is in my option, however strong these people's case may be, to compromise matters. To retain the estate, and only surrender half the income; to hold my place in the county; to be to all effects and purposes Squire of Penwyn; to have the estate and something over three thousand a year to live upon. That course is left open to me. These people will take half our fortune and be content. If I surrender what they are willing to leave me, it is tantamount to throwing three thousand a year into the gutter. Shall I do that, Madge?"

"If you wish me to know rest or peace, love. I can know neither while we retain one sixpence of James Penwyn's money."

"It shall be done, then, my dearest. But remember that in making this sacrifice you perhaps doom your son to a life of poverty. And poverty is bitter, Madge; we have both felt its sting."

"Providence will take care of my son."

"So be it, Madge. You have chosen."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"My dearest, now I am sure that you love me," she said, gently.

"Madge, you are shivering. The morning air has chilled you," exclaimed her husband, anxiously. And then turning her face toward him, he looked at her long and earnestly.

The vivid morning light, clear and cold, showed him every line in that expressive face. He scrutinized it with sharpest pain. Never till this moment had he been fully aware of the change which secret anguish had wrought in his wife's beauty, the gradual decay which had been going on before his eyes, unobserved in the preoccupation of his mind.

"My love, how ill you are looking!" he said, anxiously.

"I am not ill, Churchill. I have been unhappy, but that is all past now. That woman's presence at our gates was a perpetual horror to me. She is gone, and I seem to breathe more freely; and this sacrifice of yours will bring peace to us both. I feel assured of that. In a new world, among new faces, we shall forget, and God will be good to us. He will forgive—" A burst of hysterical sobs interrupted her words, and for once in her life Madge Penwyn lost all power of self-control. Her weakness did not last long. Before Churchill could summon her maid his wife had recovered herself, and smiled at him, even, with a pale wan smile.

"I am a little tired, dear, that is all. I will go to bed for an hour or two."

"Rest as long as you can, dear. I will write to Pergament while you are sleeping, and ask him to make immediate arrangements for our voyage to Sydney. That Wilson seems a faithful girl," speaking of his wife's maid; "she might go with us, as Nugent's nurse."

"No, dear. I shall take no nurse. I am quite able to wait upon my pet. We must begin life in a very humble way, and I am not going to burden you with a servant."

"It shall be as you please, dear. Perhaps, after all, I may not do so badly in the new country. I shall take my Parliamentary reputation as a recommendation."

Madge left him. She looked white and weak as some pale flower that had been beaten down by wind and rain. Churchill went to his dressing-room, refreshed his energies with a shower-bath, dressed in his usual careful style, and went down to the dining-room at the sound of the breakfast bell. Viola was there when he entered, playing with Nugent, which small personage was the unfailing resource of the ladies of the household in all intervals of *ennui*.

The little fellow screamed with delight at sight of his father. Churchill took him in his arms, and kissed him fondly, while Viola rang for the nurse.

"Good-morning, Churchill. I did not know you had come back. What a rapid piece of business your London expedition must have been."

"Yes, I did not care about wasting much time. What were you doing yesterday, Viola?"

"I spent the day with the Vyvyans, at the Hall. They had a wind up croquet match. It was great fun."

"And you were not home till late, I suppose?"

"Not so very late. It was only half past nine o'clock, but Madge had retired. What makes her so late this morning?"

Viola evidently knew nothing of her sister's visit to the lodge.

"She was engaged in a work of charity last night, and is worn out with fatigue."

He told Viola how Madge had nursed the dying woman.

"That woman she disliked so much! Was there ever such a noble heart as my sister's?" cried Viola.

The form of breakfast gone through, and appearances thus maintained, Churchill went up to his dressing-room, where he had a neat business-like oak Davenport, and a small iron safe let into the wall, in which he kept his banker's book and all important papers.

He had been spending very nearly up to his income during his reign at Penwyn. His improvements had absorbed a good deal of money, and he had spared nothing that would embellish or substantially improve the estate. The half year's rents had not long been got in, however, and he had a balance of over two thousand pounds at his banker's. This, which he could draw out at once, would make a decent beginning for his new life. His wife's jewels were worth at least two thousand more, exclusive of those gems which he had inherited under the old Squire's will, and which would naturally be transferred with the estate. It was a hard thing for Churchill to write to Mr. Pergament, formally surrendering the estate, and leaving it to the lawyer to investigate the claim of Justina Penwyn, *alias* Elgood, and, if that claim were a just one, to effect the transfer of the property to that lady, without any litigation whatsoever.

"Pergament will think me mad," he said to himself, as he signed this letter. "However, I have kept my promise to Madge. My poor girl! I did not know till I looked in her face this morning what hard lines the stylus of care had engraven there."

He wrote a second letter to his bankers, directing them to invest sixteen hundred in Grand Trunk of Canada First Preference Bonds, a security of which the interest was not always immediately to be relied upon, but which could be realized without trouble at any moment. He told them to send him four hundred in ten, twenty, and fifty pound notes.

His third letter was to the agents of a famous Australian line, telling them to reserve a state cabin for himself and wife in the *Merlin*, which was to sail in a week, and inclosing a check for fifty pounds on account of the passage-money.

"I have left no time for repentance or change of plans," he said to himself.

His letters dispatched by the messenger who was wont to carry the post-bag to Penwyn village, Churchill went to his wife's room. The blinds were closely drawn, shutting out the sunlight. Madge was sleeping soundly but heavily, and the anxious husband fancied that her breathing was more labored than usual.

He went down stairs and out to the stables, where he told Hunter, the groom, to put Wallace in the dog-cart and drive over to Seacomb to fetch Dr. Hillyard, the most distinguished medical man in that quiet little town.

"Wallace is not so fresh as he might be, Sir; you drove him rather fast last night."

"Take Tarpan, then."

This was a wonderful concession on the Squire's part. But Tarpan was the fastest horse in the stable, and Churchill was nervously anxious for the coming of the doctor. That heavy breathing might mean nothing, or it might—He dared not think of coming ill—now—when he had built his life on new lines—content to accept a future shorn of all that glorifies life in the minds of worldlings, so that he kept Madge, and Madge's fond and faithful heart.

Tarpan was brought out, a fine upstanding horse, as Hunter called him, head and neck full of power, eye a trifle more fiery than a timid horseman might have cared to see it.

"He's likely to go rather wild in harness, isn't he, Sir?" asked Hunter, contemplating the bay dubiously.

"Not if you know how to drive," answered the Squire. "The man I bought him from used to drive him tandem. Ask Dr. Hillyard to come back with you at once. You can say that I am anxious about Mrs. Penwyn."

"Yes, Sir. Very sorry to hear your lady is not well, Sir. Nothing serious, I hope."

"I hope not, but you can tell Dr. Hillyard I am anxious."

"Yes, Sir."

Churchill saw the man drive away—the bright harness and Tarpan's shining coat glancing gayly between the pine-trees as the dog-cart spun along the avenue—and then went back to his wife's room and sat by the bedside, and never left his post till Dr. Hillyard arrived, three hours later. Madge had slept all the time, but still with that heavy labored breathing which had alarmed her husband.

Dr. Hillyard came quietly into the room, a small gray-headed old man, whose opinion had weight in Seacomb and for twenty miles round. He sat by the bed, felt the patient's wrist, lifted the heavy eyelids, prolonged his examination, with a serious aspect.

"There has been mental disturbance, has there not?" he asked.

"My wife has been anxious and overfatigued, I fear, attending a dying servant."

"There is a good deal of fever. I fear the attack may be somewhat serious. You must get an experienced nurse without delay. It will be a case for good nursing. I don't want to alarm you needlessly," added the doctor, seeing Churchill's ghastly pallor. "Mrs. Penwyn's youth and fine constitution are strong points in our favor; but from indications I perceive, I imagine that her health must have been impaired for some time past. There has been a gradual decay. An attack so sudden as this of to-day would not account for the care-worn look of the countenance, or for this attenuation"—gently raising the sleeper's arm, from which the cambric sleeves had fallen back, the wasted wrist, which Churchill remembered so round and plump.

"Tell me the truth," said Churchill, in accents strangely unlike his customary clear and measured tones. "You think there is danger?"

"There is always some danger in a case of this kind."

"What is the matter with my wife?"

"I fear it is the beginning of brain-fever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FISHING IN LAPLAND.

THE water is very clear at Hammerfest, in Lapland; you may see every thing that goes on among the fish. A few feet down you may see the young cod snapping at your hook, if you have one; a little lower down the coal-fish, and the huge plaice and halibut, on the white sand at the bottom; in other places the star-fish, as large as a plate, and purple and green shell-fish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner: In calm weather the fisherman takes a strong fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear-head, like a whale harpoon. This he holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen at the bottom the boat is stopped, and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus the fish is caught. In two hours the fishermen will get a boat-load. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimes weigh five hundred pounds, and if drawn up carelessly will overturn the boat.

In many of the mountainous districts the rivers swarm with trout, the habit of which is to conceal themselves beneath the boulder rocks in the bed of the stream, venturing out to feed only at night. Men, each with a heavy hammer, will enter these waters and strike one or two blows on the stones, when the fish rush from their lurking-places partly stunned, and are easily caught.

ONE OF THE B. L. C.

I DON'T mean myself, of course: it's Pisistratus, my husband, that belongs to the society, and I'm sure I wish it never existed, or that something as dreadful would happen to the rest of the members, and then perhaps they'd be satisfied to give it up, and be sensible for the rest of their lives; for what is the use of pretending to be literary when one can't be. I'm sure if ever any body has tried, it's poor Pisistratus. He's brought home book after book from the library that we can't either of us make head nor tail of, and he's walked up and down the floor reading poetry to me till I've thought my head would burst, and I've got that nervous that I was sure my spinal column or something or other in that region was twisting around inside of me.

One night when he was practicing reading that thing where six hundred men were fools enough to ride where they were all killed, Pisistratus screamed so loud that Mr. Jones came running in from next door, and declared he thought Sisty had gone mad, he heard him howling and swearing so; and when I went to the door with Mr. Jones, I found the stoop and the area filled with people.

Pisistratus took to milder reading after that, and droned over that heathenish thing about eating lotus; he kept repeating over and over again that there was sweet music in the vicinity, although the sound of his own voice and poor little Xerxes's howls were the only notes we could hear.

I told him I'd be glad if he could find that lotus and live on it, for if it ever made him deaf and dumb and blind, as it seemed to have made all the people he read about, it would at least serve one purpose, and that was to satisfy his capricious and tyrannical palate. Never was there a man so hard to please at the table; one might search the market through and not find an article to suit his taste, and he was that particular over his meals that I'd rather be a Chinese and eat with chopsticks than be as finnicky as Pisistratus Tracy.

About a fortnight ago he came home after one of those nasty meetings, and fumbled around, making such a racket that I knew something had happened at the Literary Circle, and that he was dying to wake me up so that he could tell me. But I determined to keep my eyes tight shut and never let on I was awake; for, dear knows, I was that tired of the Buztown Literary Circle that I hated its very name. However, he commenced to rattle that lovely Venetian toilet set of mine, and I was afraid my duplicity would cost me too dear.

"Pisistratus," I cried, "what are you making all that noise about? I hope they haven't begun to have spiritual refreshment at the society?"

"I thought you were asleep," he said, modestly.

"So I was," I rejoined; "but you made enough noise to arouse the dead from their graves."

"There!" he said, in a jubilant tone, "it's just such expressions as that we shall succeed in getting rid of if we establish cremation."

"Establish *what?*" I cried.

"Jenny," he replied, reprovingly, "how often have I implored you to read the daily papers! Apart from all other considerations, it really is incumbent upon you, as my wife, to keep yourself informed upon the topics of the day. Holding the position I do in society, it's expected of me and every body belonging to me to know what is going on in the world. Cremation, Jenny," he added, solemnly, "is burning the dead instead of burying them."

"And do you mean to say, Pisistratus Tracy," I cried, raising myself up in bed, "that you would dare burn *me?*"

"Why, my dear girl, what difference could it make if you were dead?"

"Would you dare, Pisistratus Tracy, to burn *me*, dead or alive?" I repeated.

"My dear Jenny—"

I put one foot on the floor. "Pisistratus," I said, "don't shuffle and shift in that way. If you really have so lost your head that you threaten to burn me in my bed, why I'd better get up and dress the children and go home to mamma. I knew very well what that Literary Circle would end in!"

Then he came over and began to explain matters. You see, there was only one way of bringing Pisistratus to a point; he had got so used to talking in that ridiculous, high-flown way outside, that he could scarcely throw it off at home. But it was the one thing I couldn't stand. He was a plain, sensible fellow when I married him, and I wasn't going to put up with this new inflation. I always threatened to take the children and go home to mamma, and he became himself again directly.

"Hang it, Jenny!" he said, "you might help a fellow out, I think, once in a while. You must know I don't care a fig whether people are burned or buried; but it's a debating question for the next meeting, and I'm on the side of cremation. I've got to work the thing up somehow; my reputation depends upon my success."

So he began from that time out to work the thing up, and it was worse than any Sisyphus rolling that stone up hill. First he took the plan of arguing with me, but I always got mad, and that ended the matter too quickly. Why, I never heard such stuff in my life, and I told Pisistratus he ought to write and decline, or offer to take the other side; but he declined all advice or remonstrance, and insisted upon going on.

Days went by, the first week passed, and he declared he'd made no headway at all.

I began to get worried myself, for of course I took a sort of interest in the tomfoolery as long as he'd taken it upon himself.

Night after night he walked the room with a handkerchief bound about his head, and he drank enough strong coffee to drown any idea that might stray into his poor cranium, but every effort seemed useless.

"Can't you say that it's healthier?" I said at last, driven to desperation. "I'm sure it's cleanly, anyway. You might make some remark about it's saving expense, too; but that's all nonsense in the main, because people will spend money in a case of that kind. It's the last they can do for a poor soul, and they feel generous then, if never before in their lives."

"These trivial suggestions are completely worthless, Jenny," he said, sternly. "I can't make a fool of myself, of course."

"Oh yes, you can," I rejoined. "You're succeeding splendidly in that direction. If you'd confine your ambition there you'd be all right."

He never said a word, poor fellow, to this impertinence of mine, and I began to cast about for some other way of helping him out.

I remembered reading somewhere that fish diet was the best nourishment for the brain. In the same article, I think, it was mentioned that Victor Hugo devoured a whale every year. This was too much, of course. It was plain to be seen that he made a glutton of his brain, that it was overfed, and that was the reason that he went plunging off into such extravagant and ridiculous riot. When you had just begun to enjoy his story it suddenly eluded your grasp, and you were compelled to hunt for the thread of his narrative as you would for a needle in a hay-stack; but if you could only find it, you were paid for your trouble. It was vigorous and strong, and seemed to emanate from a well-replenished source.

"I tell you what, Pisistratus," I said to him one night when he looked particularly woe-begone, "I must have fish right straight along for you. I do believe your brain is actually starving. There don't seem to be any strength or vigor about it. You've used it so much, you know, dear," I added, for I saw him look at me rather severely. "There's such a strain upon your intellect, the brain needs some real nourishing diet. I'll tell Bridget to have fish all the time on hand."

"You know very well, Jenny," he broke in, "that I'm not very fond of fish."

"Of course not," I replied, promptly; "and neither am I fond of iron and quinine, but I take it, don't I? I have to take it because it's good for me, and so must you in the state your brain is in. Unless you want to be a driveling idiot, you must take a tonic for your brain."

"Have you any faith in it, Jenny?" he asked.

"Why, of course I have," I replied. "I've no doubt if you eat a judicious quantity of shad—"

"Not shad, Jenny," interrupted Pisistratus. "I don't like shad."

"Well, then, mackerel."

"Gracious Heavens, Jenny, an ounce of mackerel would put me upon a bed of sickness."

"Bass, flounders, blue-fish—there's plenty of room to choose, Pisistratus, and excepting whale, which, of course, is out of the question, there's no particular variety recommended; only stick to fish in the main."

He looked at me with a sort of forlorn hope in his lack-lustre eyes.

"I'll try it, Jenny," he said; "but I doubt if it will be beneficial."

The fact was he'd become a hypochondriac over the matter, and looked all the time like a condensed grave-yard. Now as far as I was concerned, I began to find a good many excellent points about cremation. Thinking over it, and taking every thing into consideration, I had grown to like the idea. It was startling at first, but the more I had thought of it the better I had liked it. I always enjoy a good fire in any season. In the middle of summer a few sticks blazing on the hearth is a thing of beauty to me and a joy forever. I always cling to the sitting-room stove when every other stove in the vicinity is safely put away for the season; and when I am compelled to banish it, I generally resort to the range in the kitchen, and sit there for hours together. It certainly seemed to me that if any thing could cheer and invigorate in such a case it would be a nice big blaze; the bigger the better. Of course the amount of fuel used would be according to the means of the mourners.

But what was the use of my feeling in this way, and having ever so many capital suggestions to give Pisistratus, if he wouldn't take advantage of them, but obstinately persisted in the assertion that he wanted something original and grand and exalted?

Bridget was, of course, opposed to the fish diet. She said it was bad enough to be compelled to eat it on Friday; and when I took her into my confidence, and appealed to her as from one woman to another, beseeching her to remember how much depended upon this species of food for Pisistratus, she declared that she hated the smell of it, and wanted to know if his brain must be fed at the expense of her body.

I told her to get meat, of course. I didn't myself feel like living on fish, but we could have both.

"Fish an' mate don't agree," said Bridget, "an' it's like blasphemy to me to talk of its nourishin' any one's soul or body, else why would it be allowed on a fast-day?"

Failing in entreaty, I took to command, and ordered fish for every day in the week, and every meal in the day.

"May the Lord be good to us!" said Bridget, "but I believe we're doomed!"

She had always been a good, faithful servant, coming to me first as a wet-nurse for my poor little Xerxes, and afterward consenting to stay in any capacity. She had never taken very warmly to Pisistratus, and when I mentioned once that I thought the baby looked liked its father, she flew into a rage, and declared that for the matter of looks nobody would believe he was the least relation to the child. But I didn't mind this; I knew that Pisistratus could get along without her ardent affection; and I believe if it hadn't been for that Buztown Literary Circle, Bridget would have been buried or burned from my house.

As for the awful crime to which she was an accessory, I believe the poor creature was driven to it by circumstances entirely beyond her control.

But I must not anticipate.

Pisistratus went from bad to worse. He became sullen and moody; he bade me good-by so grudgingly that he might as well have bitten me as kissed me; and at night poor little Xerxes held out his dear little chubby hands to him in vain—he was sent off to bed, howling and screaming, in Bridget's arms. No wonder the poor creature's Celtic blood boiled in her veins.

I felt myself tempted sometimes to throw the coffee-urn at him, and let him know by experience some of the effects of burning.

"Be gorra," said Bridget, when I went up to bid baby good-night, "if it wasn't for the child, I'd lave the house at once. What wid the smell of fish always under a body's nose, an' people goin' about like Turks an' haythens, scowlin' an' talkin' to themselves through lookin'-glasses, it's worse than Bedlam let loose. Why, the very cat is possessed wid the divil; go where ye will, it's under yer feet; an' wid its two big green eyes glarin' at me from the top of the staircase to-night, God forgive me, but I nearly let the child drop from me arms wid the fright."

"Nonsense, Bridget," I said. "I forbid you to talk in that way; it annoys me very much indeed."

"Annoys ye!" she repeated, with a grim sarcasm. "If things don't mend, ma'am, I'm afraid ye'll be more than annoyed."

I went out of the room and down stairs again. It was really useless to notice Bridget. Her services were invaluable, and the less one irritated her the better.

I found Pisistratus with his head buried in both his hands, his elbows resting on the extension-table. A long blank sheet of paper lay on the floor beside him, and a few volumes on archæology were tumbled about his chair. His hair hung disheveled over his forehead. His whole body had that bent, exhausted look that betokened disappointment and despair.

Altogether he was such a pitiable spectacle that my soul melted within me, and although I was not much given to coaxing or coddling, I went over to him and threw my arms about him. "Sisty," I whispered, "come, dear, let those nasty books alone, and come into the sitting-room. It's so cheery and cozy; there's a lovely fire there."

"Fire!" he shouted; "how dare you speak to me of fire?" He got upon his feet, and fairly glared upon me.

"Why, Pisistratus Tracy!" I said, starting back, dismayed. "I believe there's something the matter with you; you look awful!"

"Do I, Jenny?" he said, trying to smile, and making a ghastly effort to be calm. "I—I don't feel well, dear." Then he came over to me and grasped my hands with such a pleading look in his eyes. "Jenny," he said, "I—I'm very ill. I feel awful. I can't tell you what dreadful sensations I have. Jenny dear, if I should happen to die, you'd bury me, wouldn't you?"

"Why, yes, Sisty," I stammered. "I don't see what else I could do, love, if such a horrible thing should occur, as much as I should hate to, Sisty. Why, you see, it wouldn't do, you know."

"No, it wouldn't do to burn me, Jenny. It would offend the popular taste, and—"

"Well, Sisty," I exclaimed, "as far as that goes, if you want to be burned, you shall be. I don't care a pin what people say or do. If you want to be burned, Sisty—"

"But, hang it, Jenny, *I don't want* to be burned! Promise me, dear, like a good and faithful wife, that if any thing happens to me, you won't let them burn me. I want to be buried, dear, that's the fact of the matter. It may be a foolish prejudice of mine, but I have a singular aversion to any other method."

"Then that settles the matter," I said. "If you die you'll be buried, like every body else."

"Perhaps it would be as well," he added, "not to mention my predilection. A person is not bound to believe in a thing because he argues in its favor."

"Certainly not, Pisistratus."

"Well, then," he said, brightening up at once, "that takes a tremendous weight off my mind. I shall be able now to finish the thing splendidly. I'll just step into the kitchen, Jenny, while Bridget is up stairs, and eat some more of that cold fish."

He went into the kitchen, and, taking down a platter of cold fish from the closet, began to eat it with quite the appearance of liking it, when suddenly the bulky form of Bridget stood in the doorway.

"For the love of Heaven, Misther Thracy," she cried, "don't ate that fish! The cat's been at it before ye, Sir."

The platter fell out of Pisistratus's hands.

"*What's* been at it?" he shouted.

"The cat, Sir, savin' yer presence. The divil's in her intirely since iver the fish has been in the house. I can't kape her out of the closet, do what I can."

Pisistratus fell into a chair; he turned green, he grew livid; and, tottering upon his feet, glared upon Bridget.

"Get out of the house!" he shouted. Then he cried piteously to me, "I'm poisoned, Jenny. I'll never get over this, never."

"I can't go in the dead of night," answered Bridget.

"No, no," I said; "she can stay till morning, Sisty."

Poor Pisistratus was too far gone to know or care who staid or went. Oh, how ill he was! What with the fish and the fright and disgust, I really thought he would die before morning. A little after daybreak he crawled out of bed, and declared he'd go down and make himself a cup of coffee.

"As for that creature," he said, "I'll murder her if I ever see her again."

But we found out later that she had already gone; she had left the house while we were asleep; and Pisistratus and I were counting upon a lovely little breakfast together. I had a nice pot of coffee, and the fire was toasting hot; so I thought I'd bake a few muffins, Sisty was so fond of muffins. I beat them up, and put them nicely in the rings; they were so golden and creamy, I felt sure they would be delicious. I opened the oven door, and a singular odor came floating out into the kitchen.

"Why, Jenny," said Pisistratus, "what is that I smell?"

"I—I don't know," I stammered; "it's a very singular, searching thing, isn't it? I never smelled any thing like it before."

"It's something that wretch has been cooking in the oven, Jenny; some foul, nauseous concoction. Look in and see."

I looked in, and saw—oh dear, what a dreadful sight! It turns me sick to think of it. I saw a lot of fluffy material, scorched and singed, shapeless and distorted, but still bearing a vague resemblance to something.

"Oh, Pisistratus," I said, in horror, "come quick and tell me what this is! It looks like—like—oh, Pisistratus, what *does* it look like?"

He came over and looked in; then he started back and turned pale.

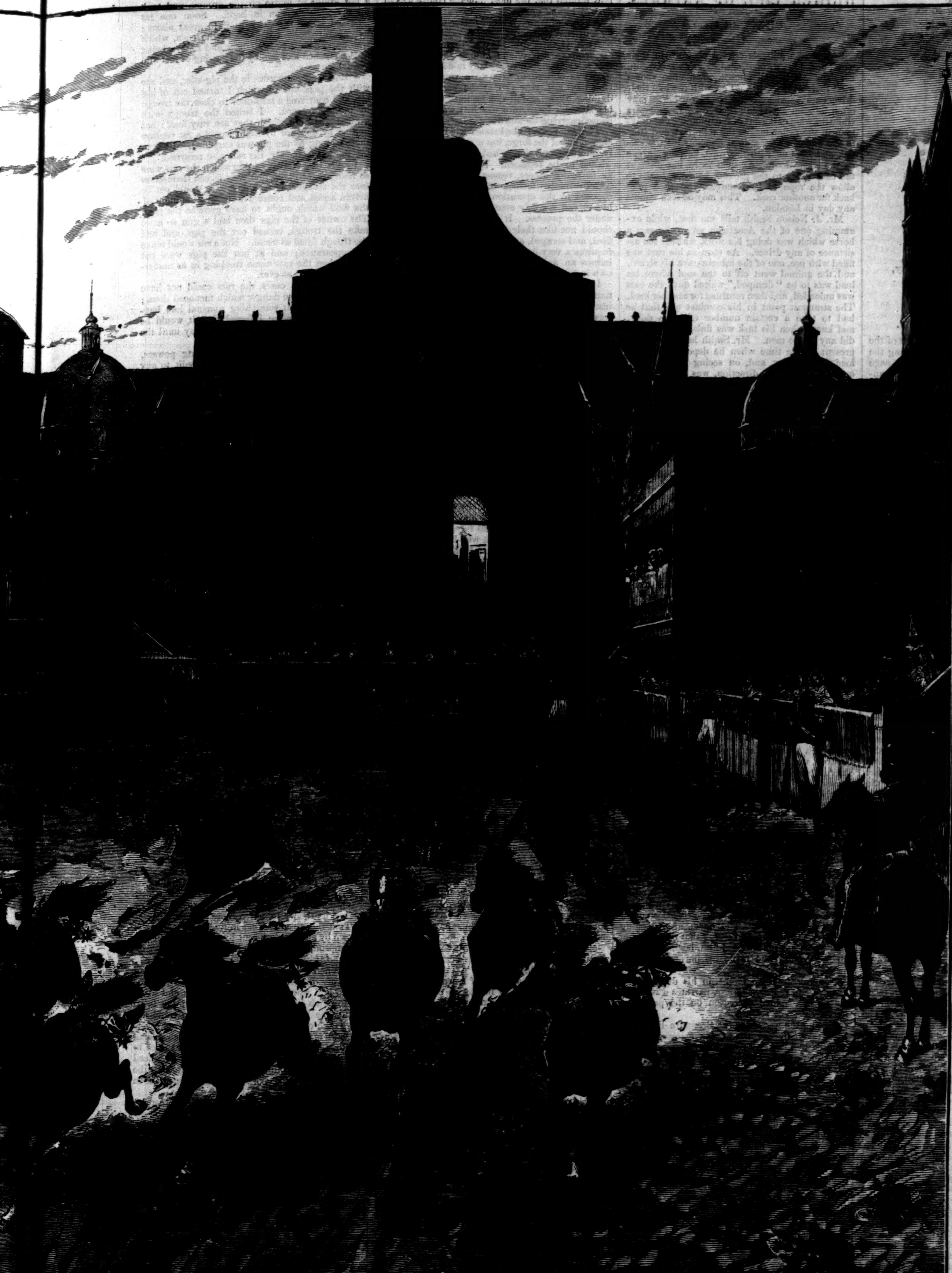
"I don't want any breakfast, dear," he faltered. "I—I feel sick again."

"What is it, Sisty?"

"It's the cat, Jenny—the cat, smothered and *cremated!*" And Pisistratus went back to bed.

Supplement to Harper's Weekly, January 2, 1875.

HORSE-RACING AT ROME D



D RING THE CARNIVAL.—[See Page 22.]

YOU AND I.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

AH! that day of ripened spring,
When we watched the brier-rose
To the warm wind's murmuring
Leaf by leaf its buds unclose!
We too in each other's eyes,
Trembling to a sudden sigh,
Saw the flower of Love arise—
You and I!

Now the brier-buds are cold
Underneath the shrouding snows,
And the winds of winter hold
Nothing of the withered rose.
We too in an icy death
Have beheld Love's blossom lie;
Lost, alas! its latest breath—
You and I!

Yet the snows will melt away,
And the brier-rose will shoot
With the coming of the May—
What! has Love a frailer root?
We too in some unknown spring,
Shall we not, 'neath some far sky,
Find its flower new-blossoming—
You and I?

HORSE-RACING AT ROME.

THE following is the artist's description of the great races that take place at Rome during the carnival season, illustrated in our double-page engraving: "Here at the foot of that most ancient obelisk, the same that stood four thousand years ago before the Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis, and that AUGUSTUS gave as a gift to the sun in the Circus Maximus, was raised a stand, semicircular, and flanked by two smaller ones, in the right hand one of which was the king. The obelisk, perhaps, had seen before horses led as victims to its pedestal, offerings to the sun. But where is the course? From the stand you can look right down the Corso, and see it paved with a moving mosaic of heads. Clear the course! Ah! here are the National Guards. They form lines at the hoarding of the stand, and march two deep up toward the Corso, pushing all before them. Others meet them from the Capitol, and the stream of people is plastered up against the houses, leaving a narrow channel some ten or fifteen feet broad comparatively clear. Up this nine horses are expected to run abreast. Bang goes another gun, and another. The gates opening into the space inclosed by the stands are thrown wide; there is a rope drawn taut from side to side. In an instant, before you are aware, the horses enter the lists, rearing, plunging, kicking. One or two breast the rope. It falls. They rush forward irregularly. Some have not time to pass the gate. They are gone. The crowd yells. A man, one of the grooms, is left lying insensible on the ground, kicked on the head. Such is the picture of the start; no start at all, but a scramble, confusion worse confounded. The horses got off in single file almost, and some never came to the post at all. Would you see the finish? Come to-morrow, and take a seat on the stand in the Piazza Venezia. That narrow street there, in the same line with the Corso, is the Ripressa dei Barberi, called so because the Barberi are stopped there. Across it, see, a bit of canvas is drawn, and from its ends two other bits meet, forming a triangle. Behind us the bands of the Fire Brigade and a legion are playing alternately. In front the clearing of the course is going on. A portentous being, the Colonel HENDERSON of the Italian force, is clattering up and down, now to this official, now that, pulling his horse up on its haunches and turning it every instant. In and out of the curtain bobs a miniature beef-eater in a livery of gold and scarlet. He is the clerk of the Corso, or the Judge Clerk maybe. Boys are climbing up the iron gratings of the palaces, and being pulled down. Women, with characteristic waywardness, *bambinos* in arms, are the last to get out of the way. Clear the course! Here they are —the Barberi! And, on my honor, it is a race! There are two neck and neck, and just upon the post one gets his nose in front of the other. The miniature beef-eater must give this 'won by a short head.' In the last stride the grooms catch at the halters of the horses. The old uns pull up of their own accord; but one dashes at the curtain, and falls headlong in the triangle.

"Once again I went to see the Barberi, and that was on the last day of the carnival. This time I got into the paddock, not to see them saddled, but to look at the *triboli* and rattles, which goad and scare the poor beasts along. I stood in a stable before two of the runners, Nos. 2 and 3; 2 and 3 were painted big upon their shoulders and quarters. The owner of 2 was there, and complained that last year his horse had won for him two races, but this year none. No. 2 stood trembling all over, but 3 was quiet enough. I asked if the race was really as cruel as it had been described, and was answered that the horse had already run seven nights, and hadn't a mark on him. Under the leaden balls that are set with points are pads of leather, glued into the coat, and by some arrangement these and the rattles that hang upon the haunches are loosened at the moment of starting by the pulling of a single cord at the halter. When the guns were fired my model shivered. He knew that time was up. They were led out by two grooms apiece, and joined by seven rivals in the yard. I saw among them no such screws as I expected. They were led toward the obelisk and the rope in the order of the numbers, plunging, most of them, furiously. Now the gates are flung back. Now those who can get in do, those who can get off do. The rope falls at hap-hazard. Four horses are left behind."

HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS.

CHAPTER III.

REASON.—(*Continued.*)

SOMETIMES animals take a pleasure in their work, and do it without needing any supervision. Elephants, it is well known, when once shown what their work is, will go on with it while their drivers are elsewhere engaged. Dray horses may often be seen exercising their reasoning powers while drawing casks out of the cellars. The dray-man in the cellar makes the rope fast, and calls to the horse. The animal understands the signal, and goes off with the rope, keeping an eye on the cellar-door. As soon as he has brought the cask safely to the ground, he stops, backs to allow the rope to be removed, and then goes back for another cask. This may be seen almost any day in London.

Mr. J. Nelson Smith tells me that, while examining one of the American mines, he saw a horse which was doing his work without the assistance of any driver. As soon as his cart was filled with ore, one of the miners gave his signal, and the animal went off to the spot where his load was to be "dumped," waited until the cart was unloaded, and then returned for another load. The strangest point in his conduct was that he had to take a certain number of loads daily, and knew when his task was finished as well as did any of the men. Mr. Smith happened to be present at the time when he deposited his last load for the day, and, on seeing him trot off quickly in another direction, was told that he knew his work to be finished, and that he was going home, where he would meet a kind reception from his mistress.

A lady has sent me the following account of a horse of her own:

"We have an old horse named 'Jock,' a very wise beast, but cross-tempered. He fell when drawing Lord L——'s carriage, and, in consequence of his broken knees, was purchased cheaply.

"He knows his work so well, that the man who accompanies the cart does not need to lead or drive him, Jock preferring to do his own work in his own way. I have often seen hi[illegible]ke the cart to the exact spot intended, turn it round himself, and wait to have it loaded. When the cart is filled, he takes it to the spot where it is needed, and, after it is unloaded, brings it back again. He evidently enjoys the work, and seems to take a pride in it."

Horses will really do a wonderful amount of work without assistance, if properly managed, and will sometimes do so even when employed by owners, who would scarcely be thought capable of acting as teachers. In the New Forest, a place tenanted by a race of human beings almost independent of their fellow-beings, and holding their laws and customs in equal scorn, I have often, when driving along one of the roads, been obliged to turn off the road, and to manœuvre both horse and vehicle into the under-wood, in order to allow a train of wood-carts to pass. These wagons are constructed in cool defiance of the act which prohibits more than a certain width between the wheels, so that a cart will occupy the full breadth of the road. No one drove the horses; but on each cart lay one or two men, utterly intoxicated, having managed to scramble into their vehicles under the knowledge that their horses would take them safely to their homes.

I know of a carrier's horse which acts in a similar manner, though not for a similar reason. The man has to make a night journey, beginning about midnight and ending about six A.M. The driver has such perfect confidence in his horse, that he composes himself to sleep as soon as he has started, knowing that the animal will stop at the right house. Sometimes he is asleep when the journey is over. The horse, after looking round at his master, and seeing that the stopping of the cart has not aroused him, begins to stamp on the ground and rattle his harness until he awakes.

General Sir Hope Grant, in his diary of the *Incidents in the Sepoy War*, narrates a most remarkable instance of reason on the part of a horse.

During the war, after the Secundra Bagh had been taken by our troops, the Europeans were aroused by musketry from some unseen quarter. Sir Hope's nephew then went to the place, gave his horse to a Sikh soldier to hold, and went inside, when he found that some of the rebel sepoys were on the top of the wall. Finding themselves discovered, the men, with the curious indifference to life that characterizes their race, came down and were shot.

Suddenly, a loud explosion was heard. An awkward soldier had fired into a barrel of powder, which, together with a quantity of loose powder that was scattered about, exploded, and did much damage. The non-commissioned officer in charge of the Sikh party was so severely burned that he died a few days afterward; and several were killed, among whom was the man who was holding the horse.

The animal was so scorched that he had to be shot. It so happened that the man to whom this task was intrusted aimed badly, and, instead of killing the poor creature, only inflicted a severe wound in the head.

The horse broke away, galloped directly toward a picket of the enemy, dashed through them in spite of their fire, and was soon out of sight. Next morning it was discovered that the horse had made his way five miles in a straight line, and had gone direct to the sick-horse stables of the 9th Lancers. In fact, he had acted exactly as a wounded soldier would have done—gone to the hospital and reported himself sick.

I wish I could give a more pleasing end to the story, but the poor horse was found to be so fearfully injured that the most humane course was to destroy him at once.

A very similar exercise of reason was displayed by a little Welsh pony.

At Rhyl there are many of these animals let for temporary hire, and among them was one that was ridden by a young lady in delicate health, who was obliged to keep to a very slow pace. One day last year (1873) the pony was seen dashing along at full gallop, until it reached a blacksmith's forge, into which it went without a pause, carrying its unwilling rider with it.

The astonished blacksmith tried to lead the animal out of the forge, but it resisted this strongly, and he found that it had cast a shoe, which it wished to be replaced. Now, in this instance as in many others, reason conquered instinct. The instinctive feelings of a horse are strongly opposed to the operation of shoeing, and some horses can scarcely ever be made to stand still under the process. It is very natural that they should not like their feet to be hammered, and filed, and scraped, and scorched, and it therefore requires a very determined exercise of reason to induce an animal voluntarily to counteract its own instincts.

In the following account of an elephant's ingenuity in extricating himself from a quicksand, instinct is shown to have no part. The story was sent to me by the gentleman who witnessed the occurrence, and was one of the party:

"It was at the close of a 'pig-sticking' meet on a large island in the Ganges, opposite Cawnpore, in June, 1873, that an event occurred which excited my admiration. With three friends I had been riding hard all the afternoon, and, feeling very tired, we determined to go home on the elephants.

"We had traveled some way, and were nearing the river, when one of us noticed that the ground looked rather unsafe, and that the elephant seemed to become uneasy. So we all decided to dismount and walk to the river, previously instructing the mahout to take the elephant by a short circuit so as to avoid the soft ground. The man, however, evidently considered that he knew better than we did; and we therefore went straight on, not thinking of looking round.

"We had not proceeded far when we heard the elephant trumpeting (a well-known signal of distress or anger), and on looking round saw that the poor beast was in a quicksand, and that the mahout had dismounted and was making the best of his way out of reach of the animal. I may here mention that to be on an elephant's back or within his reach under such circumstances is certain death: he is sure to take hold of a man and place him under his feet, so anxious is he to get something solid to stand upon.

"We were then about fifty yards from the river, and it was rapidly getting dark. The elephant was making frantic efforts to escape out of his difficulties, and the ground heaved all round him. How to help him we did not know; for he was sinking deeper and deeper, and to go near him we dared not.

"As good fortune would have it, there happened to be at hand a number of large planks which had been left by some villagers. We went as near the elephant as we dared, and threw the planks within his reach. The clever animal seized them in his trunk, drew them to him, and laid them one upon the other in front of him. When he thought that he had enough, with one gigantic effort he got his fore legs out of the quicksand, and in a short time he had managed to extricate himself, and was standing safely on the planks, though trembling all over.

"He had still some fifty yards to go before he could reach the river, and the intelligent beast never moved a step until he got a plank and placed it in front of him. He thus moved on, step by step, on successive planks, until he reached the river. The mahout then remounted him, and he crossed the Ganges in safety. This was no small relief to our feelings; for the loss of an elephant would not only have been a very costly business, but the mode of his death would have been inexpressibly painful."

The following account of reasoning in a cat was communicated to me by its mistress, Lady E——, whom I have known for many years. The animal evidently felt surprised that such a thing as an empty plate should be allowed upon a breakfast-table, and so, in her own way, showed her mistress how a plate ought to be filled:

"Our breakfast-room had bow-windows, and the houses were very near each other.

"One morning, when the windows of both houses were open, our younger cat, Tiny, disappeared into our neighbor's window, and a few minutes after rushed back into our room, and, leaping upon the breakfast-table with a lobster in her mouth, held it over an empty plate. She evidently only wished us to see it, as she would not allow any one to touch it, and darting out of the window again, with the lobster still in her mouth, she replaced it upon the table without taking any, and came back to our room.

"The lobster was returned so carefully that our neighbors assured us they should not have known it had been touched."

The same lady has sent me several anecdotes of this same cat and her mother "Rosie," all of which are interesting, and serve admirably to illustrate the subject of this work.

Several good instances of reasoning as displayed by rats are given in Hardwicke's *Science Gossip* for July, 1871. A number of rats had got into a basket of grapes, and devoured a considerable part of the contents. The man who discovered them replaced the basket in hopes that they would again visit it and be caught; but the wary animals never again came to the basket in which they had been detected.

They were so numerous and so bold that they used to come and pick up the crumbs from between the men's feet as they sat at meals.

"Wishing for a shot at some of them, I dropped a few grains of maize on the ground, and took up my position, gun in hand. Soon one rat bounded across the space as if in great alarm; but no rat touched a grain of the corn, which was exposed for several days and nights, being at last crushed and lost by the passing of feet and goods.

"Rats were numerous in the pig-sties, and ate with the pigs, one of which I turned out of her sty, and contrived a trap-door to close the trough by pulling a cord. I baited the trough with ground maize, of which they are very fond; but neither by day nor by night would a rat venture there so long as the pig was excluded. Returning the pig to the sty, the rats also returned."

I know of a similar case in which the rats were so many and so bold that they forced themselves into the troughs at feeding-time, would not be driven away, and consumed no small amount of the food which ought to have gone to the pigs. The owner of the pigs then laid a gun so as to rake the trough, turned out the pigs, and had the trough filled as usual. Not a rat would make its appearance; and at last the pigs were put back, when the rats came trooping in as numerous and as bold as ever.

Now, in these cases, the rats could not have known the precise danger which menaced them; but they saw that something unusual had happened, and therefore inferred that it would be the safer plan to keep out of the way until the ordinary conditions were restored.

Many birds display great reasoning powers, and act in a way that would do credit to any human being. From the many anecdotes which have been placed at my disposal I select only a few, none of which have as yet been published.

In places where pheasants are preserved it is customary to give them their food in such a way that other birds can not get at it. This is done by placing it in a feeding-box, which is closed by a lid, communicating by a lever with a perch. The weight of the lid is so adjusted that when a pheasant stands on the perch the lid is raised, and the bird can get at the food. The pheasants soon learn the object of the perch, for when these boxes are first introduced a few beans are laid on the outside of the lid. The bird gets on the perch in order to reach them, and so exposes the stores of food in the box.

Such an arrangement is made at Mountquharrie, Cupar, Fife; and one day a gentleman was watching the pheasants and their boxes on the lawn just before the house, and saw a crow also watching them. Presently the crow flew to one of the boxes, settled upon the perch, and expected the box to open. The bird, however, being much lighter than a pheasant, was unable to lift the lid in spite of all its efforts. After several ineffectual attempts it flew off to a tree where there was another crow, and a grand jabbering ensued. The two crows then flew to the feeding-box, both settled on the perch, and their united weight was sufficient to raise the lid.

It is impossible to attribute this proceeding to any thing but reason. Instinct is wholly out of the question in such a case as this. The bird first watches the pheasants, and learns that by settling on a certain perch the box is opened, and the contents attainable. It then proceeds to follow the example of the pheasants, judging that the same result would follow. Finding that, although it acted exactly as did the pheasant, the lid was not raised, it set itself to discover the cause of failure, and, as we have seen, succeeded in so doing. Having reflected that the pheasant could lift the lid on account of its superior weight, the bird calculated that two crows might be equal in weight to one pheasant. So it goes off to find a comrade, explains the state of things in its own bird-language, and the two then co-operate in producing the desired effect. No human being could reason more correctly, or reduce its theory to action more successfully.

That the raven can act in a similar manner is shown by an anecdote sent by Mr. R. Ball to Mr. Thompson, and quoted in his *Natural History of Ireland.*

"When I was a boy at school, a tame raven was very attentive in watching our cribs or bird-traps, and when a bird was taken he endeavored to catch it by turning up the crib; but in so doing the bird always escaped, as he could not let go the crib in time to seize it. After several vain attempts of this kind, the raven, seeing another bird caught, instead of going at once to the crib, went to another tame raven and induced it to accompany him, when the one lifted up the crib, and the other bore the poor captive off in triumph."

Crows are wonderfully sagacious, and seem to notice every thing.

A gentleman, one of the principals in a well-known engineering firm, tells me that the way in which crows rob the railway boxes of the grease is quite notorious among those who are connected with the lines.

As my readers are probably aware, each of the wheels has an iron box over the axle in order to contain the grease which lubricates the wheels. Cocoa-nut oil is used for this purpose, as it is solid at moderate temperatures, and only melts and sinks upon the axle when the latter is heated by overfriction. Indeed, if cocoa-nut oil had not been discovered, it is difficult to imagine how railways could be carried on. The boxes are closed with spring lids, and we have most of us seen the porter, armed with a little pail of cocoa-nut oil and a wooden spatula, open the box with the spatula, fill it with the yellow grease, and slap down the lid upon the box, where it is kept in position by a spring. This is absolutely necessary in order to prevent the oil from being mixed with the cinders ejected from the engine and the particles of earth driven up by the wheels.

Now it happens that crows value the cocoa-nut oil as much as we do, but for a different reason. They consider it to be a great dainty, and so, when a train is standing still on a siding and no one near, the crows flock to it, substitute their strong beaks for the porter's wooden spatula, prize up the spring lids, and help themselves to the yellow oil.

It is evident that they must act from reason and not from instinct. Some of them had seen the porters lifting up the lids, and had followed their example. All the crow tribe are wonderfully expert in the use of their beaks, and the dainty manner in which a raven, a magpie, or a jackdaw will turn over, twist, and display with its beak any object that may excite its curiosity could scarcely be surpassed if the bird possessed a hand instead of a beak.

My raven, "Grip," who unfortunately died from eating too much linen, had astonishing delicacy in the touch of his great iron beak. If I tied a knot in a piece of string and left it within his reach, he was sure to untie it, and then walk about triumphantly with one end of the string in his beak. He had a large wooden cage made from a chest, and faced with strong iron bars. A hole was cut in the end of the box, leading to a large "run," inclosed with wire netting.

There was not a spot at which the netting had been joined that had not been tested by Grip's beak, and more than once I have just been in time to prevent his escape. He always resented my interference, and used to seize in his beak the wire with which I was making the defect good, and try to pull it out of my hands. At last he gave up the wire net, and turned his attention to the bars of the cage. They were much too strong for him to bend, but he deliberately set to work at one of the central bars, and dug away the wood in which it was set until he had loosened it at the bottom. Fortunately I was just in time to see him pulling out the bar, or there would have been an escaped raven and frightful havoc among the poultry kept by my next-door neighbor.

Directly Grip saw me he set up a great squall, and did his best to get out the bar before I could reach him. I at once sent for wire and pliers, and at last succeeded in connecting the whole of the bars with cross-wire, so that unless all the bars were dug out both above and below they would hold their place.

Grip was horribly angry during the time, and tried to annoy me as much as possible, by striking at my fingers through the bars, and trying to pull away the wire. Once he did seize the pliers, and I was obliged to bring on the scene my dog "Bosco," whom Grip hated beyond conception, before I could induce him to drop the pliers. Bosco's presence, however, elicited a scream of rage; and as the pliers fell from his beak, I secured possession of them. He afterward tested the wires from end to end, tried to undo every knot, and, finding himself baffled, gave up the whole business as a bad job.

Here are some parrot anecdotes, all perfectly original:

"A parrot, belonging to one of our servants, very soon knew us by name, and could distinguish the tread of its favorites, showing its joy by ruffling its feathers and making an odd noise in the throat. 'Polly' was very tame, and was sometimes allowed to walk about the house, always announcing its arrival in a room by 'Polly going a-walking.' In hot weather she enjoyed having water poured over her, and when satisfied would say, 'That's enough.'

"She used to tease our large dog by whistling loudly, and calling him 'Bran! Bran!' on which he ran in and looked round, and on the cook coming in, Polly would say, reprovingly, 'Go back, Bran, go back.' Out went Bran, and by-and-by, when the cook's back was turned, the same scene was acted over again, until Bran grew wiser and neglected the call.

"Polly was a very accomplished bird, and, when quite alone, could be heard going through her acquirements. She sang 'Cheer, boys, cheer,' very plainly, and could dance. If any stranger went into the kitchen, and no one was there, Polly called out 'Somebody's wanted;' and she has more than once startled people by saying, 'What's your business?'

"We used to go in and see Polly before we went to bed, and she always said 'good-night' several times, each time in a different tone of voice. She called mamma 'my dear' until told that it was not respectful, after which she always said 'ma'am!' The remarks this bird made were so apposite, that it really seemed at times as if it understood what was going on."

I know a parrot, or, correctly speaking, a ringed paroquet, that acts, as the servants say, "just like a Christian." If told to call the cat, she will sometimes mew loudly, and sometimes call the cat by its name, "Winks," which is an abbreviation of Tiddlywinks. She makes the room ring again with the name, her voice is so powerful. Sometimes she will play at hide-and-seek; and if her mistress gets under the table, Polly traverses it in all directions, and, not seeing her, knocks violently on the table with her beak, in order to induce her mistress to come out of her hiding-place.

In the following history of a self-tamed redbreast, we shall see that instinct plays but a very small part, almost the whole of the bird's proceedings, as well as those of his family, being instigated by pure reason without any admixture of instinct. To the lady who sent me the anecdote I am indebted for several of my most interesting accounts of animal life. She does not wish her name to be mentioned, but it is well known throughout the whole literary world.

"In the years 1864 and 1865 a robin made itself at home in my dining-room, always coming to the window and tapping to have it opened at breakfast-time. When he came in, he shared my oatmeal porridge with me, seating himself on the edge of the cup, and picking out such grains as caught his fancy. He then picked up crumbs of bread or toast, and, when he had satisfied himself, he sat on the back of my chair and sang, or sometimes betook himself to the top of a large screen. When he wished the window to be opened for him, he used to make a peculiar little noise, unlike any sound I ever heard from a bird—not loud, but very much like articulate language.

"As you may fancy, he was a great favorite with every one in the house. If the day was very cold, he always seated himself on the edge of the fender as soon as he was let in, puffing out his feathers to receive the heat, and, when he found that he was warm enough, he came to his breakfast.

"During the summer of 1864 he came occasionally to the window, but seldom came in, and then only for a moment, though he would sometimes follow me out-of-doors. In the winter of 1864–65, he again established himself in the house, on his own familiar terms, and became even a greater pet than ever. He then began to prefer the butter-cooler to the porridge-cup for his breakfast, but I never allowed him to take too much. He almost lived in the house, sometimes remaining all night when the weather was bad.

"When summer came round again, he appeared one day at the window with his wife and children, who sat on the ledge of the window while he entered and took food out to them. It then came out that of late he had often been detected in carrying off food from the peacock's bowl which I kept in the dining-room; this food he had doubtless carried to his lady in her nest: the dining-room window, being mostly open in summer, gave him access to the bowl.

"A sister-in-law of mine and her daughters came to stay with me just then, and to see the little redbreasts get their breakfast daily from their papa was one of our morning's amusements.

"But, alas! one day he came looking very ill, with his feathers puffed out, and looking twice his natural size. I observed that he swallowed large lumps of butter himself while helping his young ones. This went on for some days, and at last he did not make his appearance at all; his wife and family came without him, and then we knew that he must be dead. There was general mourning for poor 'Bobby' in the house. I have never had so tame a redbreast before or since, though his wife and children, who seemed to miss him much, still continued to receive their dole at the window.

"I heard a still more wonderful story about a robin from my sister-in-law, who knew the lady to whom the bird belonged. She had made it so tame that it used to fly after her carriage; and when she went in the winter to spend a few days with a friend who lived several miles from her house, the bird followed her. On the following morning, when she opened the window according to custom, and called the robin, he at once entered the room and perched on her finger.

"Was not this very like reason? It certainly was a combination of ideas. The bird had followed his mistress to a strange place, slept there, and came at her call, trusting to her for his breakfast. My sister-in-law was staying at the house at the time, and witnessed the circumstance."

In the former of these two cases reason taught the bird to conquer its instinct, which teaches it to fear man and avoid him. The bird soon found that he was being kindly treated, and, reasoning upon such premises, came to the conclusion that he would be treated in the same manner for the future. Then, that birds must have a language in which to express their ideas is evident from the fact that his wife and family accompanied him to the house, and waited outside while he went and brought out food for them. The reason why they did not enter the house is evident to all who know the habits of the redbreast. It is one of the most jealous of birds, and never will allow another bird to enter the place of which it has pleased him to consider himself the owner. There can be little doubt but that he had previously forbidden his family to enter the house where he felt himself a privileged inmate.

The capability of cats for opening doors, ringing bells, etc., is perfectly well known. There was a cat named "Patch," who was a great adept in these arts. One evening she came out of a bedroom in a state of great excitement as the occupant went in, mewed and fidgeted about, went up to an unlighted candle, though there was a fire in the room, back to the lady, and then again to the candle, and would not be contented until it was lighted. Then she drew particular attention to the window-curtain, reaching up with her paw as far as she could, and touching it. The curtain being shaken, out dropped a mouse, which Patch immediately seized and carried off. She had probably previously brought it into the room, as she was in the habit of doing so with her prey, and on two or three occasions dead mice were found deposited in the bed.

My own cat, "Pret," has often behaved in a similar manner, and has brought me to help him in getting at a mouse which had hidden itself in some spot where he could not reach it.

I might multiply anecdotes to an indefinite extent, but have thought it better to take a comparative few, nearly all of which have been as yet unpublished. The reader will see that in no one of these cases does instinct play any part, and that in the generality of them the reasoning powers of the animal have overcome its natural instincts.

Here is an example of reason and the power of combination in the rat. The writer was at the time resident in Liverpool:

"In my garden there is a conservatory, along the roof of which is trained a vine, on which the fruit would not ripen for the last few years, so I had the vine inclosed in a glass frame, in the hope that, the heat being confined, the grapes would ripen better than when exposed to the cold night air. This plan being successful, I had this year a plentiful crop of large-sized bunches of grapes. These, however, began to disappear very quickly as soon as ripe, but not bunch by bunch, as would be done by thieves, but only the ripest grapes of each bunch were taken.

"At first I thought that some of the boys working in the garden had been helping themselves; but all denied it, and no one had seen them near the glass house. Then I sealed up the door of the covering, but still the fruit disappeared. So I told the gardener to cut all the good fruit and take it into the house when I returned home in the evening. After giving the order, the gardener came in with gleeful visage and said, 'I've got the thieves, Sir,' and told his tale in that roundabout way which men in his condition love, of which the following is the condensed description:

"'When lying on my back for rest after cutting a lot of branches, I heard a scuffling sort of sound, and looked round and saw five or six large brown rats come into the frame; they then jumped up at the lowest hanging branches and managed to knock down two or three grapes, which they proceeded to eat like a squirrel, sitting up on their hind legs and holding the fruit in their front paws.

"'Soon after a large female, followed by four young ones, came in, and the old one ran up the vine and bit off one of the ripest bunches, which fell down to the expecting young ones below, who fastened on it and began to eat. Then,' concluded the old man, 'I could not keep my laugh any longer, but shouted out, which sent them all head over heels out, as if a dog were after them.'"

A curious instance of reason in the fox has been furnished to me by an eye-witness:

"I will now tell you a story of a fox. Some years ago, when I lived in a lonely but beautiful part of the Lammermoors, there came a dreadful snow-storm. All nature was white for miles, as if wrapped in a winding-sheet, and birds and beasts were put to strange shifts for food.

"I was talking with one of my shepherds, when far away on the opposite side, and on the top of what is here called a cleugh, or hollow, I espied a small dark object. It was the only one in the vast expanse of snow, and it appeared to me to be moving. I pointed it out to the shepherd, who said that it was a tuft of heather from which the snow had drifted. I watched it more carefully, and feeling sure that it really did move, I went into the house for my gun, and told the shepherd to accompany me.

"Slowly we plodded our weary way through snow up to our waists in some places; and when we arrived within a few hundred yards of the mysterious object, it was revealed in the shape of a crafty fox, who deliberately walked away, every now and then stopping to look at us.

"It was evident what he had been doing. He had coiled himself round so as to look like a bunch of heather (and done it so well that he had even deceived the practiced eyes of the shepherd), and thus decoyed the hungry grouse near enough to seize them. That he had succeeded was plain, from the feathers and other remains of several birds which lay near the spot where we first saw him. Foxie is a rare purveyor, and nothing can beat him."

A rather amusing instance of reason in a dog has been narrated to me. The animal was a Newfoundland, and of a quiet disposition. There was, however, a much larger and quarrelsome dog of the same kind, who was frequently meeting "Lion," and taking every opportunity of molesting him.

One day the big dog met him, and evidently bent upon a fight. Whereupon Lion, knowing that he was no match for his antagonist without some aid, ran off to a neighboring manure heap, and rolled himself over and over in it until he was completely covered. He then went back to his enemy, challenged him, fought him, and beat him thoroughly, and after that victory the big dog always gave Lion a wide berth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POET MOORE.

WHEN I entered Trinity College, some time about the year 183–, an apartment was taken for me in a quiet street on the north side of Dublin, in order that I might pursue my studies uninterrupted by any contact with those fine joyous bacchanalian spirits who had rooms within the sacred precincts of the university. I am afraid this system of seclusion did not answer the purpose; but I used to meet frequently on the stairs, as I passed from my chamber *au quatrième*, an elderly lady of most benign aspect, but in stature one of the very smallest personages I ever saw. Frequent meeting in this way led at last to an acquaintance. I learned she was Miss Ellen Moore, a sister of the famous Thomas; and great, I remember, was my gratification when I received one evening an invitation to drink tea with her. It was the drawing-room entertaining the attic, and I was much pleased by the compliment. It was a *thé pur et simple*, not a *thé dinant*; but many handsome young ladies—and Dublin in those days abounded in beauty—used to congregate round the table in that little drawing-room. I became a frequent guest; for although I then abhorred their politeness, the company was mightily to my taste. Upon a certain evening I observed preparations being carried on for an entertainment of a more pretentious character; and I learned that Mr. Thomas Moore, having arrived that morning in Dublin, was expected to join our company. A large party was assembled to meet him. I must own to feeling great astonishment at his appearance, as, if his sister was small, he was smaller still, that is, for a man. He was what Charles Dickens would have called a "mite." He came into the room on tiptoe, at a sort of run, with his head thrown back; and first he kissed his sister Ellen most affectionately, then he kissed nearly every other pretty girl he could get at. He was soon surrounded, and he sat there chirping and chatting, and turning his head about like a pet bird. His manner was delightfully frank, genial, and winning. He was full of the gossip of the day, and looked like a well-to-do little gentleman who had no other occupation except amusing himself. His head was nearly bald, and there was just a fringe of slightly grizzled hair round the back and the temples. His nose was retroussé (cocked). His complexion resembled the color of a certain apple with which, as a school-boy, I was overfamiliar, called a russet brown, with a good tinge of healthy red in it. A soupçon of the same color was visible on the end of the little man's nose; but his head, which he carried in an oblique slanting direction, was very good, and his eye was large, liquid, lustrous, and full of intelligence.

He had a large double gold eyeglass, which he carried suspended round his neck by a black ribbon, and made frequent use of. I can not remember how he was dressed, but when I met him afterward, as I did on many subsequent occasions, his attire was peculiar. He wore a long olive brown surtout coat, a blue neckcloth, and a white hat set very much back upon his head. In society it was almost impossible to get at him, for he was generally the centre of a perfect galaxy of petticoats. All the prettiest women seemed to fondle and caress him, and treat him much as they would a large wax doll; but when he sang, as he did on that particular evening, two of his famous melodies, "The last Rose of Summer" and "Oft in the stilly Night," there was a vibration, a flutter, and a tendency to hysterical emotion instantly perceptible, such as I have never observed in any other audience except that of Mr. Robertson in his chapel at Brighton. I can not attempt to describe either the singing or its electrical effect, but I could perfectly well understand the meaning of a story, which I remember reading in the *Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington*, of how a certain lady of quality, hearing the little man warbling one of his love ditties, laid her hand upon his arm and said, "For heaven's sake, Moore, stop, stop! THIS IS NOT FOR THE GOOD OF MY SOUL!" Earl Russell, in his *Memoirs*, says Moore was the most brilliant man he ever met. I suppose he was right; but this brilliancy was concealed by a manner which, if you did not know who he was, would have led to an entirely different conclusion. He was flippant, restless, and seemed never at ease except when he was the centre of observation. Looking at him, I could not for the life of me bring myself to believe that this was the individual who had inspired Byron with the famous lines:

> "My boat is on the shore,
> And my bark is on the sea,
> But before I go, Tom Moore,
> Here's a double health to thee."

Yet there he was hopping about, whispering pretty nothings into the willing ears of Hibernian beauties, and comporting himself much like a boy let loose from school. I could no longer wonder at the Prince Regent's proposal, at one of the Carlton House banquets, to put him into a punch-bowl, which secured the poet's lasting resentment; but I did wonder how he contrived to inspire so many great men with such an affectionate interest and regard. He was in prodigious request at that time, I remember, in Dublin. The Marchioness of Normanby used to send her carriage to fetch him out for airings in the Phœnix Park, and he was continually receiving invitations to dine with the Lord-Lieutenant, or Lord Morpeth, then the Secretary. A covered car, which is a species of conveyance peculiar to Dublin, used to fetch him to these entertainments, about which he was constantly making mistakes; for instance, going to dine with the Chief Secretary when he had been invited to dine with the Lord-Lieutenant, forgetting the date of the invitation, dropping in on a day when he was not expected, and making all sorts of strange blunders. In all the relations of private life Mr. Moore's conduct was unexceptionable; a better husband, a kinder father, never existed; and he allowed his only sister, at whose house I made his acquaintance, out of his own slender income, sufficient for her comfortable support. But in his children he was peculiarly unfortunate. His eldest son—for whom, by dint of great sacrifices, he purchased a company in the English army—lost his commission through extravagance, and died at Algeria in the French service. The second lost his health in India, and came home to Sloperton to die. His only daughter, while in the act of kissing her hand to him as he was going out to dine at Lord Lansdowne's, fell over the balusters and was killed. Thus perished all his hopes, and he died at last in his own house in the arms of his faithful wife, having outlived even his own brilliant intellect.

Moore's hands were singularly beautiful, and he was so extremely careful about their preservation from any kind of stain that he always wore a pair of kid gloves when he was writing. In the throes of composition it was his habit to nibble at the ends of these until the tip of each finger was bitten quite through. These trophies were preserved by his sister Ellen with affectionate solicitude, and became the object of immense competition among the numerous circle of her lady friends. The last time I ever saw the poet he was going into a hatter's shop—Locke's, I think—at the foot of St. James's Street. I followed him to see if he would remember me, and I found him in the act of having his white hat brushed by the shop-man. He turned round as he went out at the door. Pointing westward, "They are all gone," he said, "every friend I had in the world; I am like a stranger now in a strange land." Those were the last words I ever heard him speak.